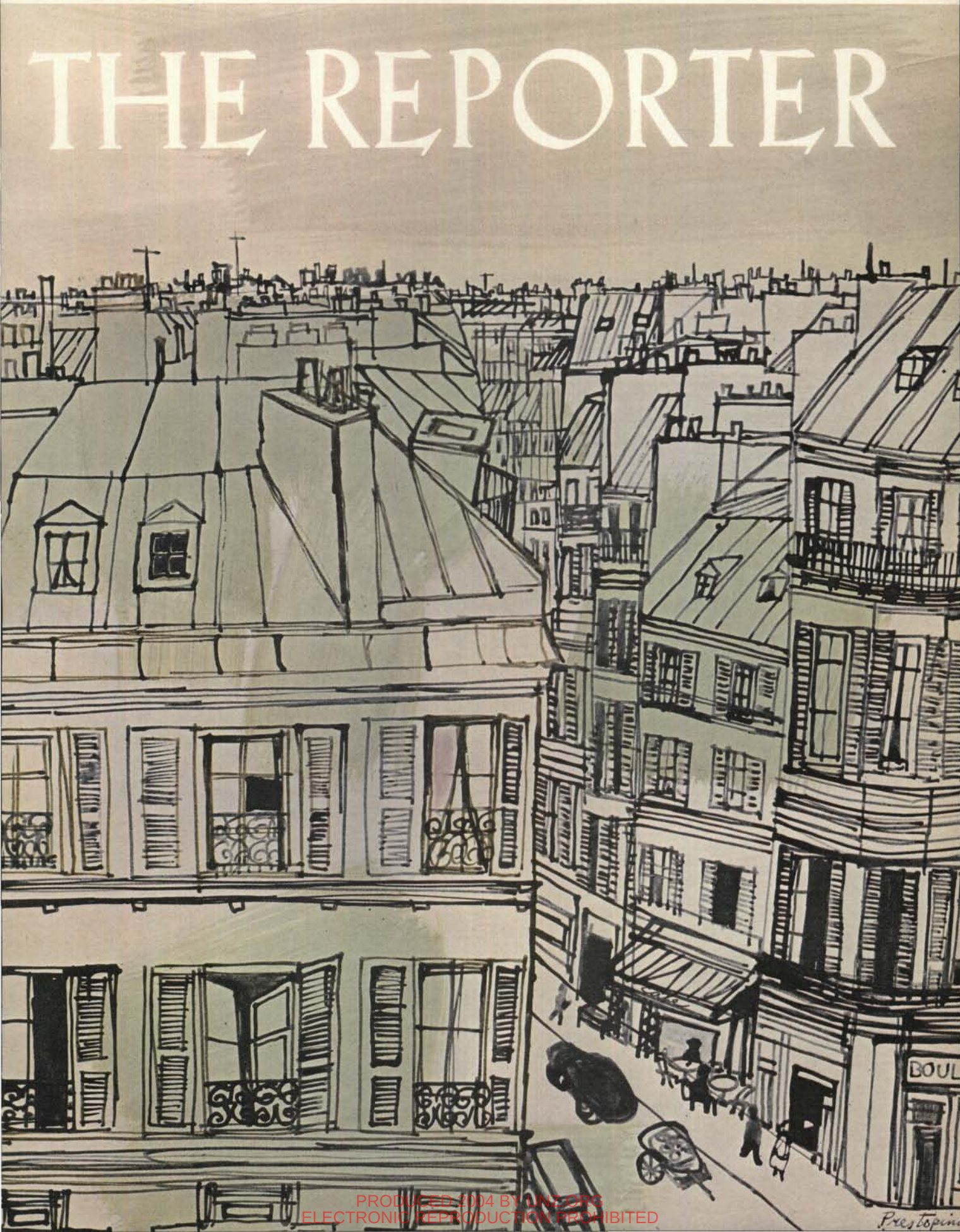
The Ben Barka Affair

March 10, 1966 35¢

THE REPORTER



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WHAT EVERYONE SHOU

FOR MANY YEARS psychologists have been carrying reading research, and important discoveries ha been made about the mental and physical processes th take place in the course of reading, and particularly abc the motions of the eyes as they move across the pa

One of the startling discoveries made very early w that, contrary to a general belief, the slow reader is no "sure" reader. **People who read fast almost invariable tain far more** of what they read than the plodding sl reader. Second, intellectual capacity bears no relationsh to one's reading speed.

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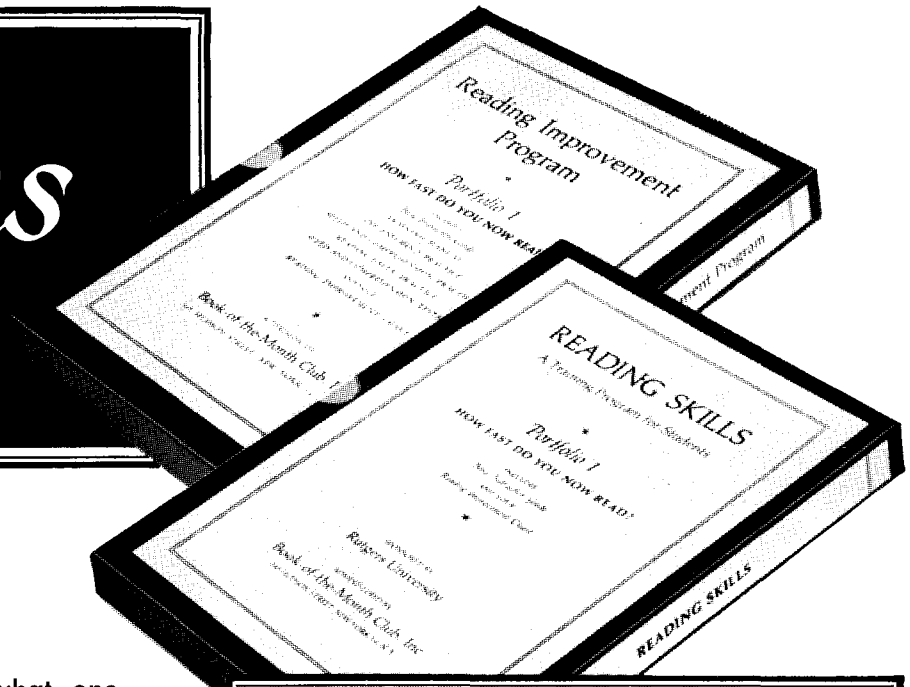
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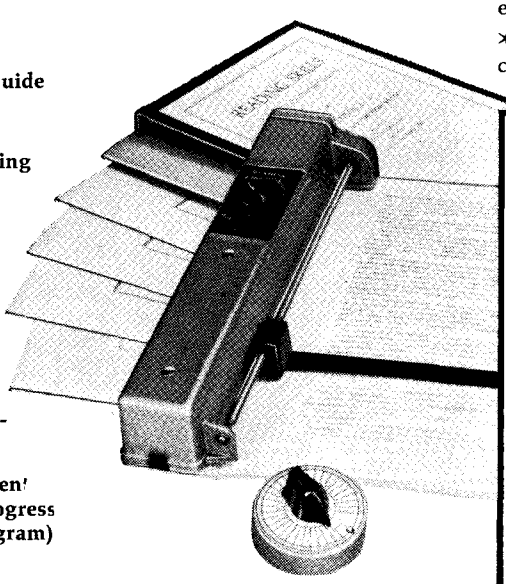

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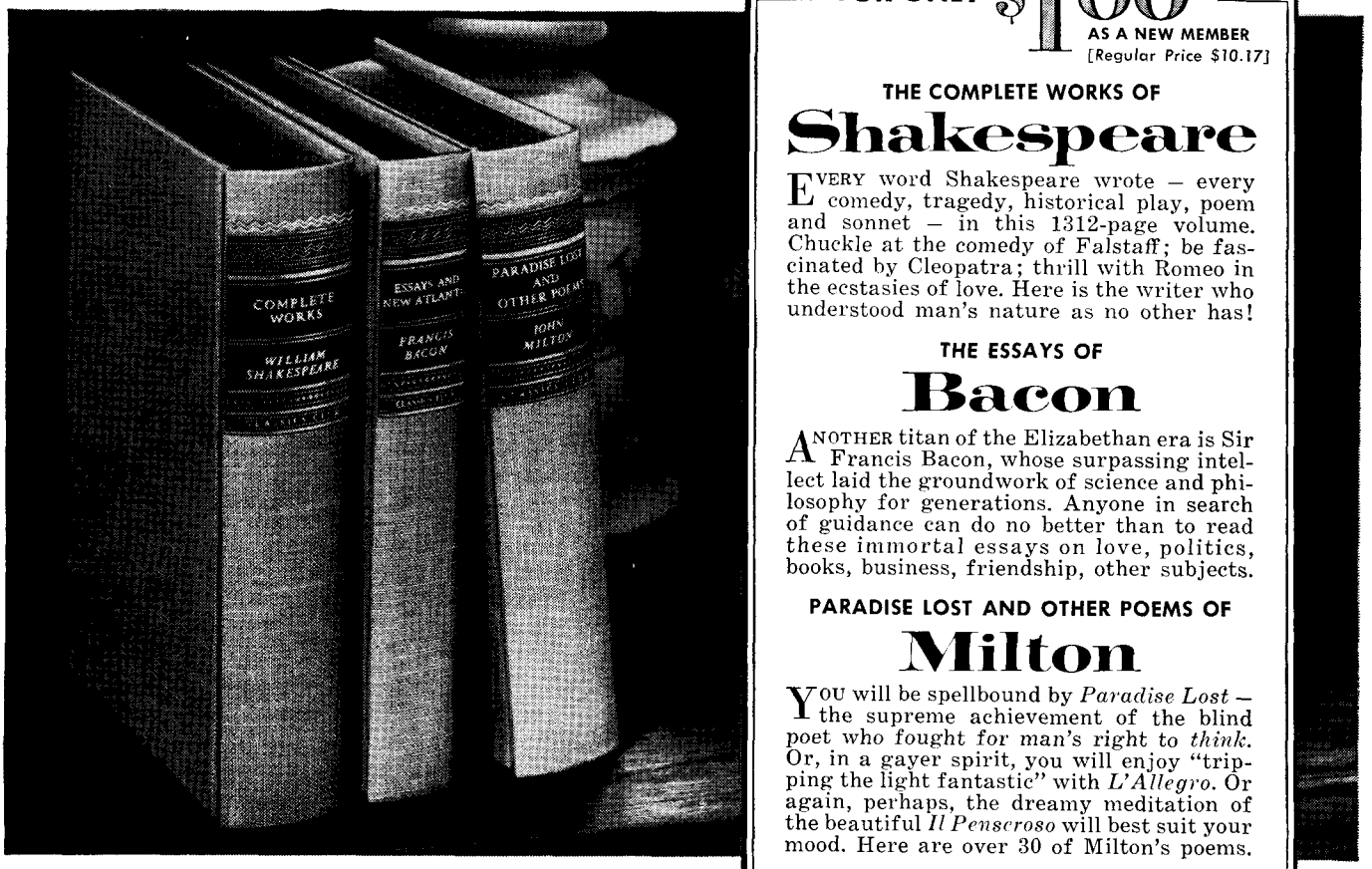

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

PARIS has had a full share of sensational crimes, but none since the Stavisky scandal has been richer in intrigue and mystery than the political murder of a Moroccan leftist leader named Mehdi Ben Barka, allegedly engineered by a Moroccan Cabinet Minister with the complicity of a number of French security agents. The affair is the austere Fifth Republic's first scandal, and de Gaulle has found that some men who were close to him had at least shut an eye to violations of moral and criminal laws. In a tone of both sorrow and anger he has attacked the tastes of "a public [conditioned] by fifty years of detective novels and films," and of the propensity of many readers for stories that call to mind those of . . . James Bond. . . ." That's us. For to our taste **Claire Sterling's** report from Paris and Rabat is the most fascinating account of the affair we have read.

NOTHING changes faster than Washington's mood. The united applause that filled the Capitol not so many weeks ago when the President gave his State of the Union message has been replaced by discordant notes of dissent and confusion. However much the President insists that he agrees with everybody, writes **Meg Greenfield**, Mr. Johnson's Vietnam policies and his handling of Congress have created conflicts of which the Fulbright hearings were only a surface manifestation. . . . In our last issue **George Bailey** showed that the trial of Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel brought into question the very foundations of the Soviet system. **Abraham Brumberg** examines the legal aspects of the trial and demonstrates that it represents a reversal of much of the progress made in Soviet law since 1956. Mr. Brumberg is the editor of *Problems of Communism*, published by the United States Information Agency. . . . Five years ago, Jomo Kenyatta was widely regarded by westerners as a dangerous nationalist, guilty of involvement in Kenya's loathsome Mau Mau terror. Since independence two years ago, his image has changed completely, and today Kenyatta is perhaps the West's best friend south of the Sahara. **Clyde Sanger,** now a United Nations correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, previously covered Africa for his paper. . . . The latest attempt to revise our outdated copyright laws has run into a stumbling block, according to **Erwin Knoll,** a reporter for the Newhouse National News Service in Washington. Mr. Knoll describes the fight between educators and publishers engendered by the issue, with a united front of educational organizations emphasizing the necessity of noncommercial duplication and the similarly united publishers insisting on protection from future use of new photocopying techniques to reproduce published materials wholesale. . . . Our Chilean commentator, **Fernando Krahn,** is on the side of the angels.

THE NAMES of the seasons are at best vague guides. Fall, which means such endless color and beauty to a Vermonter, signifies merely a rapid descent into damp gloom for Northern Europeans; the uncertain glory of an English April day is an empty phrase to a Westerner—or even a New Yorker —who has not sniffled through half a year of unrelieved dirty drizzle. In Russia, the great proud season is winter —a winter whose magnificence few other peoples can imagine. **Eugene S. Staples,** presently with the Ford Foundation, spent the years 1961-1964 in Moscow as cultural counselor of the American embassy. . . . **Hennig Cohen,** editor of the *American Quarterly*, reviews an exhibition of photographs from a time when both photography and race relations were at an earlier stage of development. . . . Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*, published by Dutton, is available both in hardback and paperback. . . . **Justin O'Brien** discusses Henry de Montherlant's *La Reine Morte*, one of the plays being presented in New York by the Comédie Française. Mr. O'Brien's adaptation of Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona* is currently being produced by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. . . . The most recent book by **Gordon A. Craig,** professor of history at Stanford, is *Europe Since 1815* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). . . . **Robert Weaver** is supervisor of Special Programs for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and editor of the *Tamarack Review*. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith** reviews Truman Capote's celebrated recent offering.

Our cover, an impression of Paris, is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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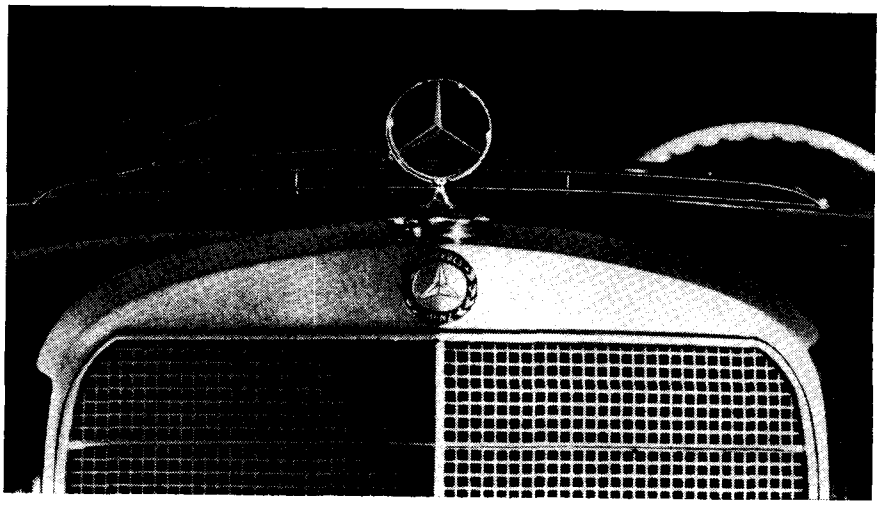

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CORRESPONDENCE

PRESIDENTIAL DECISIONS

To the Editor: In your comment on Presidential decision making ("The Reporter's Notes," February 10), you prayerfully ask that Lyndon Johnson be invested with wisdom in reacting to the intransigence of our adversaries in the Vietnam war. But at the same time you seem prepared to grant him omniscience—or closed-mindedness—when you say you "like to think that the President listens to no one but himself."

While the President does have the final decision in many matters, he remains responsible to the people and their representatives. He would do well to listen carefully to the dissent voiced by experts in the Fulbright hearings, for foreign affairs has never been his forte. Nor is it mine. But as an American mother and taxpayer I am deeply concerned not only about the kind of "self-inflicted defeat" that comes from tempting Communist aggressions but also about those which come from intransigence in our own high places.

Mrs. LAURA MCCARTHY
San Francisco

RUSSIA RULES THE WAVES?

To the Editor: I have read with great interest Noel Mostert's "Russia Bids for Ocean Supremacy" (*The Reporter*, February 10). This is an excellent article, factual and full of proper warnings to the free world countries having a merchant marine.

Having repeatedly "preached" the same warnings for the past two years, I can only say that I "sign on the dotted line" with Mr. Mostert. In fact, I am even more pessimistic, particularly in the question of timing, as I believe Russia will become a greater menace at an earlier date than he indicates.

I have no faith in Mr. Bakayev's promise that "Russia would join and not undermine the Atlantic shipping conferences." I also have no faith in his statements and promises in the remainder of that paragraph in the article. Having been at the Yalta Conference, I have no faith in Russian promises, treaties, or agreements.

Russia is building merchant ships in all Iron Curtain countries capable of shipbuilding; also in five non-Iron Curtain countries. With government ownership, direct or indirect, government control, and no unions, Russia will very soon be able to control worldwide ocean shipping at any rates she chooses to make.

The results are self-evident!

EMORY S. LAND
Vice Admiral, USN (Ret.)
Washington

To the Editor: The article by Noel Mostert is a most revealing piece of information and one that has had far too little understanding. Your mag-

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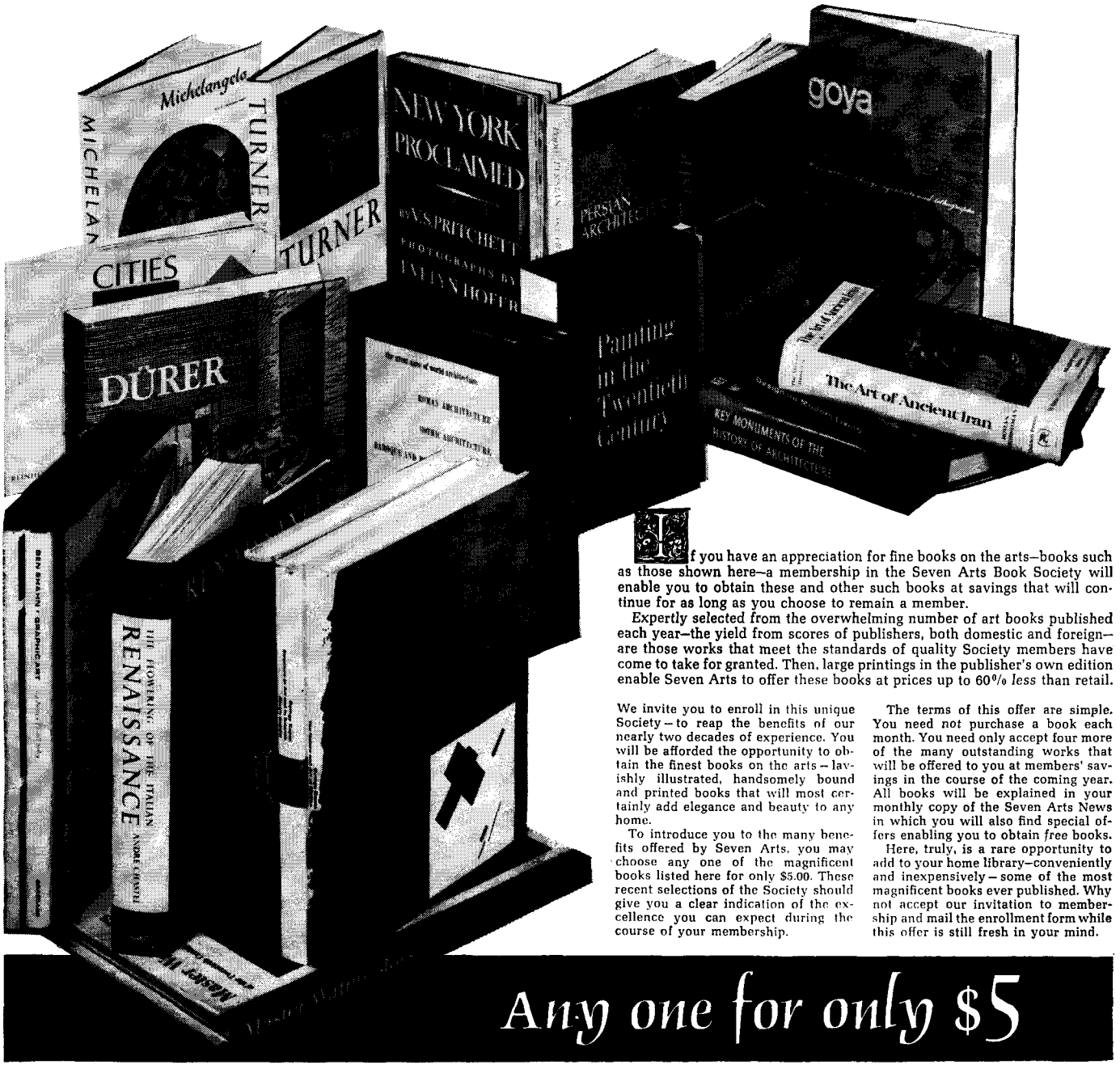

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LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

ON TUESDAY, MARCH 15, the five winners of 1966 National Book Awards will be announced in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall in New York. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States in 1965 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

FICTION

PETER MATTHIESSEN / At Play in the Fields of the Lord / Random House
KATHERINE ANNE PORTER / The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter / Harcourt, Brace and World
JAMES MERRILL / The (Diblos) Notebook / Atheneum
FLANNERY O'CONNOR / Everything That Rises Must Converge / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
JESSE HILL FORD / The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones / Atlantic-Little, Brown
HARRY PETRAKIS / Pericles on 31st Street / Quadrangle Books

Judges: Paul Horgan, J. F. Powers, Glenway Wescott

ARTS AND LETTERS

LIONEL TRILLING / Beyond Culture / The Viking Press
RENÉ WELLEK / A History of Modern Criticism / Yale University Press
PHILIP RAHV / The Myth and the Powerhouse / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
JANET FLANNER (GENET) / Paris Journal 1944-1965 / Atheneum
ALFRED KAZIN / Starting Out in the Thirties / Atlantic-Little, Brown
R. W. B. LEWIS / Trials of the Word / Yale University Press

Judges: Francis Fergusson, Walter Kerr, Norman Holmes Pearson

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG / Coming of Age in America / Random House
CHARLES FRANKEL / The Love of Anxiety / Harper and Row
ALICE KIMBALL SMITH / A Peril and a Hope / University of Chicago Press
BENTLEY GLASS / Science and Ethical Values / University of North Carolina Press

Judges: John Kenneth Galbraith, Ernest Nagel, James R. Newman

POETRY

W. H. AUDEN / About the House / Random House
JAMES DICKEY / Buckdancer's Choice / Wesleyan University Press
RANDALL JARRELL / The Lost World / The Macmillan Company
IRVING FELDMAN / The Pripet Marshes / The Viking Press
ELIZABETH BISHOP / Questions of Travel / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
RICHARD EBERHART / Selected Poems / New Directions
LOUIS SIMPSON / Selected Poems / Harcourt, Brace and World

Judges: Ben Belitt, Phyllis McGinley, Elder Olson

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

IRVING BRANT / The Bill of Rights / The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
EDWARD CHASE KIRKLAND / Charles Francis Adams, Jr. / Harvard University Press
ROBERT SHAPLEN / The Lost Revolution / Harper and Row
THEODORE H. WHITE / The Making of the President 1964 / Atheneum
RICHARD B. MORRIS / The Peacemakers / Harper and Row
ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. / A Thousand Days / Houghton Mifflin and Co.

Judges: Julian P. Boyd, Lyman Butterfield, Louis Fischer

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of five $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

azine is making a real contribution in many ways, not the least of which is its concentration on the merchant marine.

WARREN G. MAGNUSON
U.S. Senate

To the Editor: Noel Mostert has written one of the best articles on the subject of the Russian merchant marine that I have read. It very lucidly describes the rapid expansion of the Russian merchant fleet and the threat that this poses to the free world.

In spite of the bland assurances of Mr. Bakayev, there is no doubt in my mind that this buildup is a deliberate effort to obtain a powerful economic weapon in furtherance of the Communist goal of world domination. As they gain in merchant-marine strength, the Russians can be expected to raise economic havoc on all the trade routes of the world by destructive rates, flag discrimination, and every other means which a huge merchant-marine capability will place at their disposal. In addition, they have the capability of insuring adequate logistic support to Communistic forces at any trouble spot in the world. Cuba and North Vietnam are current examples. South America, Africa, and the Middle East could well be next.

RALPH E. WILSON
Vice Admiral, USN (Ret.)
Arlington, Virginia

CANADIAN WATER

To the Editor: Dillon O'Leary's "Canada Guards Its Water Against Our Big Thirst" (*The Reporter,* January 27) appears to be an accurate reflection of the debate now under way in Canada.

We at the Council are gratified to see your magazine take an interest in this matter, which is of great importance to Canadians.

WALTER GRAY
Director of Information
Canadian Council
of Resource Ministers
Montreal

THE TRANSIT DEBATE

To the Editor: I read with great interest "New Hope for Straphangers," by C. W. Griffin, Jr. (*The Reporter,* December 31). Despite the increasing public awareness of the need to look for ways other than the automobile to move people in urban areas, there is still no real understanding of the full impact of the problem.

I hope that Mr. Griffin's article, by pointing out the size of the problem and the tremendous subsidization of our highways, will awaken the interest of many more of our citizens.

Mr. Griffin refers to legislation which I introduced in the Senate and which Congressman Jonathan Bingham introduced in the House. I believe that it does more than continue to discuss our urban transportation problems. It recognizes that these problems are not simply those of moving cars but of

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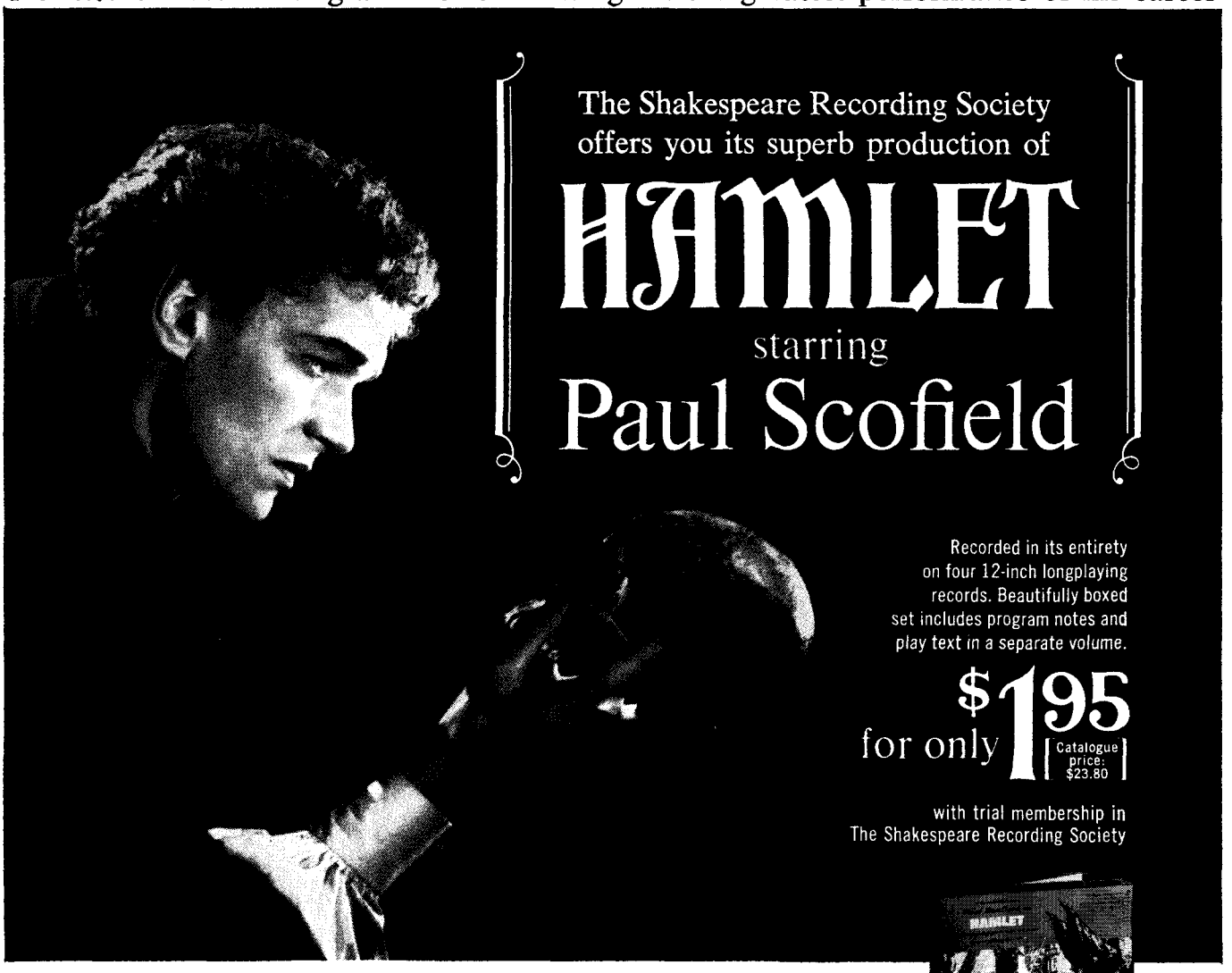

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JOSEPH D. TYDINGS
U.S. Senate

JURIES AND JUSTICE

To the Editor: Joseph B. Cumming, Jr.'s, article "Morgan's Crusade for Negro Jurors" (*The Reporter*, February 10) was truly educational. His convictions, supported by factual evidence, left little doubt in my mind that there must be something done to maintain justice in Southern courts. The fact that an all-white jury acquitted three "would-be" killers of civil-rights workers clearly indicates that men place justice second to their feelings.

I wholeheartedly support lawyer Charles Morgan, Jr., in his crusade. I also firmly support his suggestions, which would undoubtedly change the selection methods presently used and eventually bring back true justice.

PHILIP L. CROTEAU
California State College
Long Beach

CORRUPT PRACTICES

To the Editor: The hoary problems reviewed by Neal R. Peirce in "Financing Our Parties" (*The Reporter*, February 10) prompt another comment. It is true that there has been no prosecution of corporations since 1925 under the Corrupt Practices Act, but there have been others which might be noticed. Under the 1907 Tillman Act, there was a successful prosecution in 1916 against a brewers' association in Pennsylvania. This arose out of the wet-dry campaigns which preceded the Eighteenth Amendment. Further, there was a notable prosecution in 1943 under a similar Federal law that forbids political activity by utility holding companies. Union Electric of Missouri was involved in *Egan* v. *United States*, which reflected scandalous use of big-company money and left innuendoes of shady behavior.

Since then, the act has also contained prohibitions against political contributions by unions. Conflicting inferences can be drawn from the history of a series of essentially unsuccessful prosecutions against various unions reported in the two decades since then: against the CIO (Washington, 1948), the Painters (Connecticut, 1948), Laborers (Missouri, 1951, and Alaska, 1961), and the Auto Workers (Michigan, 1956). Besides the Federal law, forty-one jurisdictions (including Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia) have some type of statute of similar intent, some aimed only at insurance companies. A few of these statutes show signs of recent enforcement activity. The laws are badly in need of major surgery, but they are better than none.

R. T. BOEHM
Columbus, Ohio

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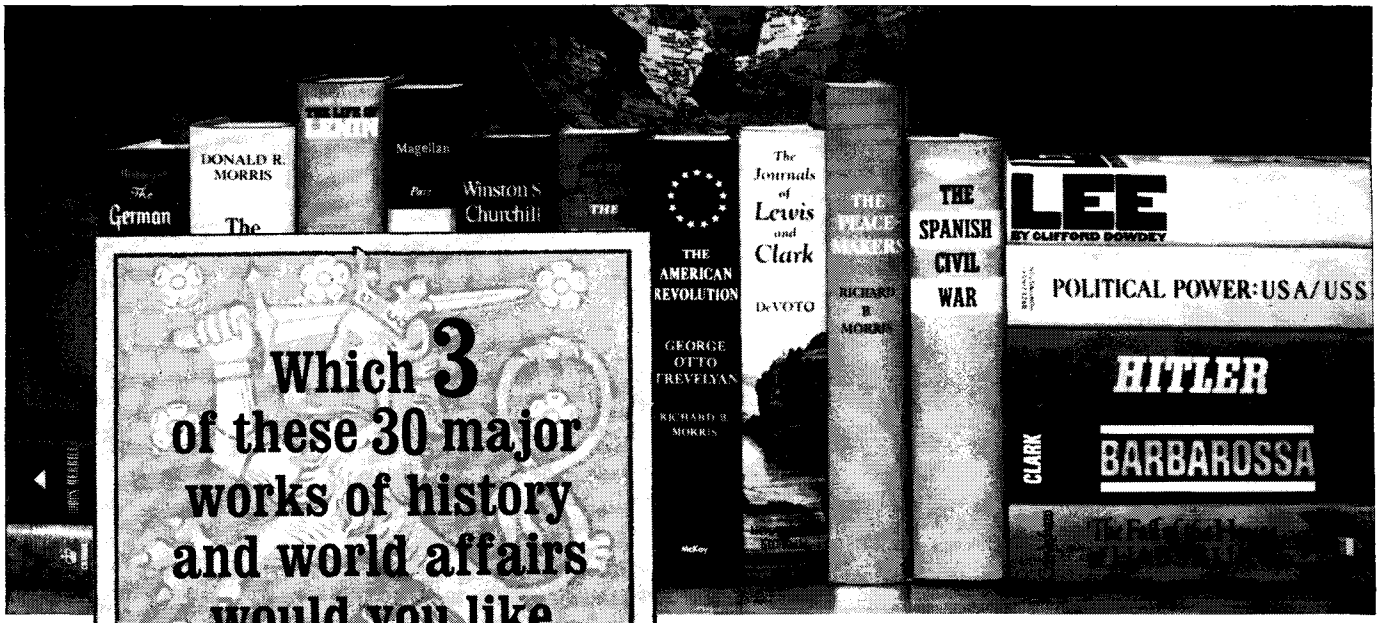

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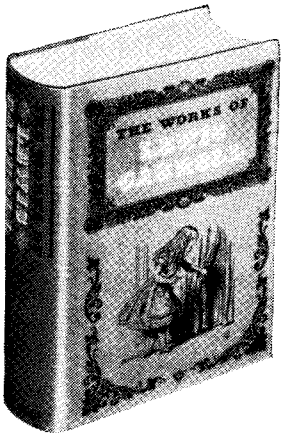

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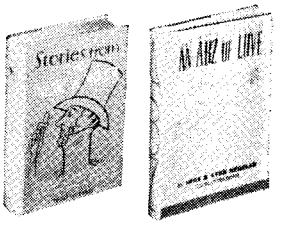

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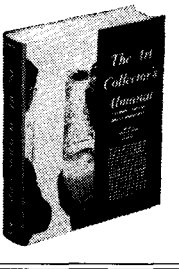

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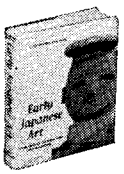

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The General's Pronouncement

PARIS

The hints that General de Gaulle drops at his press conferences with respect to his immediate policy intentions are often deliberately sybilline. The always provocative, sometimes acutely perceptive readings from the as yet unwritten pages of contemporary history that he offers by way of background are likely to be more explicit; and to the degree that reading history aright is a way of making it, they are more important.

The general's performance at his annual midwinter conference last month—the thirteenth he has held since his return to power in 1958 but his first significant appearance in public since his re-election as President in December—was a case in point. De Gaulle's apparent threat to withdraw from NATO—but not, as he put it, from the Atlantic alliance—when the treaty comes up for renewal in 1969, and his announced determination to insist on putting U.S. or NATO bases and headquarters on French soil under exclusive French command even before then, captured the headlines but did not necessarily indicate in concrete terms how radically he means to alter France's present role within the alliance.

Quite possibly de Gaulle does not yet know himself how far he can go—or even wants to go—in cutting loose from NATO. The ultimate decision probably depends on a number of still unknown factors: the attitude of France's allies, especially the United States, regarding the principal issues in dispute between Paris and Washington, the reactions of France's Common Market partners, the pressure of home opinion as next year's legislative elections approach, and above all, perhaps, the evolution of the world situation. It was for this reason that de Gaulle's analysis of the political and military changes that have occurred at various points on the globe in the last few months and those which he sees impending seemed even more noteworthy than usual.

Like most observers in the West, de Gaulle indicated that he believes the Communist military threat has receded, at least in Europe, as a result of an "internal and external evolution" among the eastern powers. Unlike some of the more naïve western observers, however, he made it clear that he does not consider that the danger of Communist aggression has anywhere completely vanished. France, he declared, still considers it valuable from the viewpoint of its security and that of the West generally to be allied with other states, "and notably with the U.S." for common defense in case of a Communist aggression against any of them.

IN JUSTIFYING his hostility to the present integrated NATO machinery whereby France has delegated to a multinational command under U.S. leadership some measure of its sovereignty over foreign bases on French soil, de Gaulle introduced a major qualification to his guardedly optimistic estimate of the world trend. "While the prospect of a world war breaking out over European issues appears in a certain measure to be dwindling," he said, "the conflicts in which America is engaged elsewhere in the world, as the day before yesterday in Korea, yesterday in Cuba, and today in Vietnam, could through the much-discussed process of escalation spread into a general conflagration. If that should happen, Europe, whose strategy within NATO is that of the United States, would automatically be involved in the struggle whether it wished to be or not; this would be true for France if the integration of its territory, communications, certain of its forces, several of its air bases, and one or more of its ports in a military system under American command were to last any longer."

Superficially, the general's warning appears to support the view of administration critics who argue that our policy in Vietnam is alienating us from our European allies. In reality, the issue as de Gaulle seems to envisage it is much deeper and graver. In his view, it is not merely our commitment in Vietnam that threatens to involve Europe, or even our attempt to contain Chinese expansion in Asia, but our basic opposition to Communist-instigated or -supported "wars of liberation" in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. As de Gaulle's mention of Cuba implies, we could abandon all of Asia to Peking's imperialism and still face in our own hemisphere the same dilemma that now confronts us in Vietnam—the alternative of surrendering to indirect aggression or of risking an eventual clash with the instigating power behind it. And this power, de Gaulle clearly implied, might in certain cases be the Soviet Union rather than Communist China. In other words, though de Gaulle has made it plain on several occasions that he thinks our present military policy in Vietnam is mistaken and potentially dangerous from the viewpoint of world peace, the adoption of a quite different policy would not, on the basis of his present analysis, diminish the long-term menace of collisions between the United States, with its worldwide web of commitments, and one or the other of the Communist superpowers whose ambitions, though conflicting, are global.

De Gaulle did not imply that Europe should necessarily adopt an isolationist or neutralist policy in regard to a clash between the United States and a Communist power arising from conflicts outside the NATO zone; there was no indication in his press conference that he now repudiates the staunch sup-

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port he gave President Kennedy during the Cuban missile crisis. He merely seems to be insisting that our allies should be factually and legitimately free to decide for themselves whether or not and to what extent they will support us in opposing particular wars of liberation or similar extra-European conflicts. The most urgent need is for basic discussions to get going between Washington and our European allies on the crucial issue of whether or not the West stands together in opposing the "war-of-liberation" principle—even if there are differences as to the degree to which the western nations are involved in a particular conflict. For if the West does not stand together, at least morally, on the issue, then, as de Gaulle has demonstrated, NATO in its present form is a potential menace rather than a safeguard to the security of its members. And the menace applies not only to the Europeans but also to the United States—or at least to the five U.S. divisions and other forces now stationed in Europe. For they are dependent for their communications and tactical support on what, without such a fundamental understanding, can only be part-time and one-way allies. —EDMOND TAYLOR

Rewriting History

"How do you describe the War of 1776?" Senator J. W. Fulbright asked General Maxwell D. Taylor during the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on Vietnam. "Was that a war of national liberation, or wasn't it?" For some reason, all sides in the current controversy seem eager to relate their positions back to great men and great moments in the American past. George F. Kennan, in his appearance before the committee, compared present policy unfavorably with what John Quincy Adams had in mind in 1821. Probably the most stunning contribution came from Senator Russell Long: "If the men who came on the *Mayflower* were frightened to helplessness the first time they had to fight Indians, they would have gone back to England on the *Mayflower*. They fought the Indians and won, meanwhile losing some fine Americans. . . ."

Such history hurling has always been a dangerous practice, considering the frequent reversal of history-book truths. Lately, we were first told that Leif Ericson beat Columbus to America, then that what we think of as the American way of life got started in 1100 B.C. This particular theory, as we understood a newspaper account headlined "Good-by Vikings; Hello Etruscans," had a good deal to do with similarities between the language of the Etruscans and the Akawayoan Indians. Significantly, the example cited was "the Akawayoan 'cala' for stairs, which is similar to the Italian 'scala.'" Cala, scala—indeed. We don't think Senator Fulbright is going to be any happier to learn that the roots of the word "escalation" are as American as apple pie and the Akawayoan Indians.

Interama Interruption

A little after 8 P.M. on February 19, the President glanced over a document sent up from the Congress while he was in Hawaii with General Ky. It was H.R. 30—the Interama bill—which has been discussed previously in these pages. The public-policy issue it posed for the President was simple enough: should the government invest $31.5 million in an Inter-American Cultural and Trade Center which one day may be built along the Gold Coast of Miami Beach?

The Budget Bureau thought not. The State Department was full of various trepidations. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee declined comment. They had common fears. The first was that Interama, as the first permanent world's fair ever undertaken in this country, might require perpetual care and nourishment from the Federal Treasury. Moreover, there was the matter of precedent. If the Miami enterprise warranted a Federal subsidy, why not subsidies for a Pacific exposition in Honolulu, an Atlantic center for Boston, and something in Detroit to promote solidarity with Canada? Finally, there was the matter of social priorities. The Interama request was more than the allotment for refugee relief in South Vietnam this year.

None of these reservations had made any impression on Congress. Under the relentless pleadings of the Florida Congressional delegation, a covey of professional lobbyists, and the Miami business community, the Interama bill had passed the House last fall, cleared the Senate in January, and emerged in perfected form the first week in February. It authorized $9.5 million to underwrite a Federal exhibit as the centerpiece of the Interama scheme. To this gift was to be added a $22-million loan from the Community Facilities Administration. This was to be the seed money that would attract, in time, $100 million to $500 million in private capital and public donations from the governments of Latin America.

Nor was that all. The indefatigable Interama sponsors, led by Representative Claude D. Pepper of Miami, promised Congress that the project would relieve the city's unemployment, ease the lot of its Cuban refugees, ameliorate racial frictions, and provide yet another diversion for the restless American tourist.

And so the bill was passed and on February 19 the President signed it, picked up the telephone, and told Congressman Pepper in Miami, where the rejoicing was appropriate to the event.

But it was premature. In a remote *cul de sac* of the Federal bureaucracy, someone made a discovery that imperiled the $22-million CFA loan. One of the conditions for the loan was that Interama must submit persuasive evidence of investment commitments by American businessmen and Latin-American governments. This evidence was missing, and until it was supplied, said CFA, there would be no loan.

Without the loan, there would be no spectacular pavilion to house the U.S. exhibit for which Congress had authorized funds. And without that exhibit, the whole justification for Interama would be thwarted.

There the matter rests today, in suspension, so to speak, which is nothing new for Interama. It has always bedazzled the politicians. The bookkeepers are yet to be stirred.

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E. B. White's fantasy of a mouse born into a New York City family.
Sunday, March 6 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Thin Blue Line
The inner workings and problems of police departments across the nation.
Monday, March 7 (10-11 PM)

Operation Sea War: Vietnam
The Navy's role in a land-water war against an enemy with no navy.
Thursday, March 10 (10-11 PM)

Ballet for Skeptics
Roland Petit, Zizi Jeanmaire and European dancers prove ballet can be fun. Friday, March 11
(7:30-8:30 PM)

The Reformation
The spiritual conflicts, focusing on Luther, Calvin and Ignatius of Loyola. Sunday, March 20
(6:30-7:30 PM)

Carol + 2
Comedy-variety starring Carol Burnett with guests Lucille Ball and Zero Mostel.
Tuesday, March 22
(8:30-9:30 PM)

Beethoven
The life and music of the great composer; with Erich Leinsdorf conducting.
Wednesday, March 23
(10-11 PM)

Alice in Wonderland or What's a Nice Kid Like You Doing in a Place Like This.
Animated version of the Carroll classic. Wednesday, March 30 (8-9 PM)

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(9-10 PM)

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Robert Preston offers a camera tour of Southern states.
Thursday, March 31
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Tuesdays
CBS Reports

Saturdays
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/The First Look/Exploring/Wonderful World of Golf/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope

Sundays
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Directions '66/Frontiers of Faith/Sports Spectacular/American Sportsman/Sports in Action/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney

Note: Times (EST), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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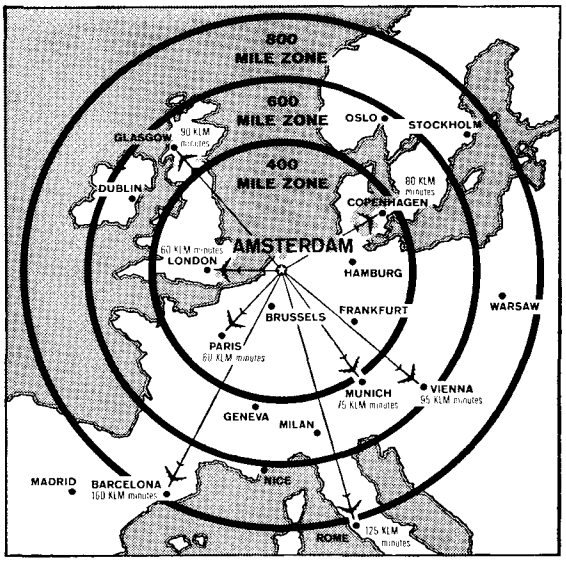

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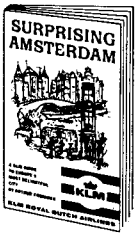

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The Ben Barka Affair

CLAIRE STERLING

PARIS

AT NOON on Friday, October 29, in front of the popular Brasserie Lipp on the Boulevard Saint-Germain in Paris, two uniformed policemen approached a young Moroccan named Mehdi Ben Barka, invited him courteously to enter a waiting car, and drove off with him. No evidence has yet been found to establish whether he is alive or dead. In any event, he has never been heard from since.

It was not until some weeks later that the Ben Barka case became a celebrated affair, impassioning all France like no other since the Stavisky scandal in 1934. When first reported the next evening, his disappearance had seemed commonplace. Many African states have had their Ben Barkas: more or less gifted left-wing nationalists who, having fallen out with their governments, have worked to overthrow their enemies from havens in Paris, London, Geneva, or Cairo and who have been made to vanish. The forty-five-year-old Moroccan had been in exile since 1960 as the leader of a radical faction of the leftist National Union of Popular Forces (UNFP) and had been sentenced to death in absentia for his role in an alleged plot to assassinate King Hassan II in 1963. The assumption was that, since Ben Barka was unwilling to hand himself over to the Moroccan authorities, they simply came and got him. Perhaps they did. After four months of judicial investigation and sensational disclosures in the press, that is still the going assumption. But it has become such a minor aspect of the case as to be almost irrelevant. What disturbs the French so deeply is not the Moroccans' role in the crime but their own.

In the years since General Charles de Gaulle came to power, France has attained a unique standing in the world, partly for political reasons but partly, too, as a symbol of probity. The sordid quarrels and cheap political intrigues of the Third and Fourth Republics, the corruption and dishonesty in high places, the moral laxity of the police and the courts, have seemed things of the past. The Fifth Republic has been regarded as a model of integrity because the integrity of the man who created it is beyond question. Now, whether by chance or intent, an uglier side of France has been revealed—no worse than that of many other countries, but no better. It has been a bitter experience for de Gaulle and a shock for the nation.

Only Justice Was Blind

If nothing is entirely certain in this baffling affair, there is no longer much doubt that while Ben Barka's abduction was financed and directed by Moroccans, it was set up by two Frenchmen, carried out with the active complicity of at least seven others—four professional gangsters, two members of the narcotics squad, and a secret-service agent—and covered up for weeks or months afterward by an astonishing number of high government officials.

Within three or four days of the kidnapping, in fact, its major details were known to the French secret service (SDECE), the Criminal Brigade, the Judicial Police, the Prefect of Police, a commissioner of police information, the so-called Parallel Police (unofficial counter-espionage), the national Sûreté, one or more presidential assistants in the Elysée, and the Minister of the In-

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terior. None of these functionaries had seen fit to share his information with the examining magistrate, Judge Louis Zollinger, who did not learn what they knew until January, a good two months later. By then, all the Moroccans who had allegedly taken part in the abduction were safely back in Morocco; four of the five French eyewitnesses said to have been present in the suburban villa where Ben Barka was last seen alive had long since fled the country; and the fifth was dead.

With the death of Georges Figon under mysterious circumstances on January 17, Judge Zollinger probably lost whatever chance he had of getting at one part of the truth, that part having to do with the fate of Ben Barka himself. It is doubtful, however, that Figon could have thrown any light on the incomparably bigger question of motive or motives. For if he had been a prime mover in the abduction as such, he was almost certainly a pawn in a far bigger and subtler game than he realized. He was in no position to know whether or why the Moroccans had truly compelling reasons for eliminating Ben Barka, whether or why they were encouraged financially or otherwise by the U.S. CIA, whether or why they were used or duped by powerful French financial interests with multimillion-dollar investments in Morocco, and whether or why they were given so much protective cover in France for a crime that has placed de Gaulle in an all but insupportable position.

There may never be final answers to these questions. They can only be guessed at from the evidence now in the hands of Judge Zollinger, most of it secondhand, fragmentary, circumstantial, or suspect at the source. On the dubious strength of such materials, the story may be reconstructed as follows:

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE QUARRY

Mehdi Ben Barka: Exiled Moroccan radical politician with international leftist connections. Presumed dead since his abduction in Paris on October 29.

THE HUNTERS

General Mohamed Oufkir: Moroccan Minister of the Interior and former French intelligence agent. France issued warrant for his arrest as involved in Ben Barka's abduction.

Larbi Chtouki: Moroccan intelligence agent in Paris. Contact man and paymaster with Frenchmen who staged the abduction.

Antoine Lopez: Agent for both French and Moroccan secret services operating under cover as Air France executive at Orly Airport. Arranged details of abduction. Under arrest.

THE PLOTTERS

Philippe Bernier: Left-wing French journalist and friend of Ben Barka who reportedly conceived plot to trap him and "sell" him to Oufkir. Under crrest.

Georges Figon: Ex-convict and Left Bank editor. Bernier's collaborator on film project with Ben Barka—the bait that lured him into the trap. "Suicided" under nose of police.

THE INSIDERS

Pierre Lemarchand: Gaullist deputy and former head of the "Barbouzes," unofficial counterespionage corps of hoodlums who operated against the Secret Army Organization in Algeria. Friend of Figon and of high government officials.

Colonel Marcel Le Roy, alias Finville, alias Donald: Lopez's superior in the French secret service. Received reports on the plot, but supposedly did not alert higher authorities. Suspended.

Roger Frey: French Minister of the Interior. Learned details of abduction, but hushed up the scandal until after French presidential elections. His authority for intelligence matters downgraded by President de Gaulle.

THE OUTSIDER

Judge Louis Zollinger: Magistrate investigating the crime.

THE COPS

Souchon and Voitot: Members of a Paris police narcotics squad. Recruited by Lopez to lure Ben Barka into kidnap car. Arrested in November.

THE MOB

Jojo Boucheseiche: Brothelkeeper and former Barbouze. Neighbor of Lopez, who recruited him to make his villa available for holding Ben Barka until arrival of Oufkir. Fled to Casablanca.

Dubail, Palisse, and Le Ny: Gangsters, former collaborators with the Gestapo, and onetime Barbouze agents who took part in the abduction and were paid by Chtouki. In hiding or abroad.

IT BEGAN about a year ago, with a conversation between two Parisian intellectuals, both hard up for cash. One was a left-wing journalist named Philippe Bernier, who had once worked for Radio-Maroc and ran a confidential newsletter during the Algerian war. The other was Georges Figon, whose searing hatred for his own respectable middle-class background had made him, successfully, a common thief who had spent nine years in prison and three more in a criminal psychiatric ward, a terrorist and informer in the pay of the Parallel Police, an irreverent avant-garde editor, and a leading light of the Left-Bank existentialist set. "You might call me a bourgeois who turned out well," he told a writer of his acquaintance shortly before he died, "or, because I talk too much, a gangster who turned out badly."

Reportedly, it was Bernier who first suggested the idea of kidnapping Ben Barka and turning him over to General Mohamed Oufkir, the Moroccan Minister of the Interior, who would supposedly be delighted to pay handsomely for him. The Moroccans reportedly seized eagerly on the idea, and last April a security agent going under the name of Larbi Chtouki offered Bernier 400,000 francs to lure Ben Barka into a trap in Algiers. That proposition never came off. Since Bernier's arrest on November 26, he has maintained that at first he did not take his own proposal seriously. Figon did. By last May, the pair had made contact with General Oufkir. Oufkir had in turn confided in his close friend Antoine Lopez, a "commandant" in the French secret service responsible for the Moroccan intelligence network, with a cover job as chief of the passenger service at Orly Airport. Plans were then still vague: in his first report to the secret service on May 17, Lopez spoke only of Oufkir's intention to "recuperate" Ben Barka. But the second and third reports submitted by Lopez, on September 22 and October 8, were meatier.

Because of Ben Barka's suspicious attitude, Lopez said, it had been decided that he should be approached by Bernier, who knew him, with a project for a documentary nationalist film called *Basta*, to be narrated by Ben Barka, written by Bernier, produced by Figon, and directed by an innocent front man, film personality Georges Franju. On September 2, Figon and Bernier had flown to

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Cairo to see Ben Barka and sell him the idea. Their tickets had been paid for—through Lopez—by Larbi Chtouki, who followed them on a later plane.

On September 20, Figon and Bernier took off for Geneva to see Ben Barka again, this time with a third man of different caliber. Spotted by Lopez at Orly, Figon introduced the man as Pierre Lemarchand, adding: "You see, I am covered." Lopez later looked into Lemarchand's background and learned that he was not only Figon's old school chum and lawyer and a well-connected Gaullist deputy but once head of the Parallel Police—the famous "Barbouzes," the "bearded ones"—formed to combat the Secret Army Organization (OAS) in Algeria by terrorist methods and never actually disbanded. Although Lemarchand was to become one of the star performers in the Ben Barka affair, his role in it has yet to be clarified.

The Ambush

During their visit to Geneva, Figon and Bernier—with or without Lemarchand, who claims to have been there on other, legal business—perfected their plans. Ben Barka became fascinated by the film project and abandoned his habitual caution; from then on, it was child's play to lure him into ambush.

By the time he walked into it, on October 29, an extraordinary band of conspirators had been assembled. Waiting in the Brasserie Lipp to keep an appointment made by Ben Barka himself were Figon, Bernier, and Franju. Near the entrance were Lopez (wearing a false mustache), Chtouki, and two policemen named Louis Souchon and Roger Voitot; and sitting in two parked cars across the street (one bearing the tags of the Paris Prefecture) were three hoodlums who might have stepped straight out of a "B" movie: Pierre Dubail, Jean Palisse, and Julien Le Ny. As Ben Barka got out of a taxi, Souchon came up to him, flashed a police card, and asked him to come along for a talk with the authorities. Ben Barka entered the car without hesitation and was driven to a country villa in Fontenay-le-Vicomte, not far from Paris. After delivering him to the villa's owner, a brothelkeeper called Jojo Boucheseiche, Lopez and the two policemen returned to Paris. They had, however, overlooked Ben Barka's companion, a Moroccan student who was collaborating on the movie. He informed the victim's brother, who raised the alarm. From there on Ben Barka's trail is lost, probably forever.

It was Lopez who gave most of these details to Judge Zollinger—bit by bit, and only after repeated questioning—following his arrest on November 5. If his story is to be believed, he did not see Ben Barka again, nor did anyone else now alive and available for interrogation. Those who did, as Lopez tells it, were Boucheseiche and his three fellow gangsters, all now in hiding or abroad; Figon, who allegedly followed the caravan out to the villa in a taxi; an assortment of unidentified Moroccan thugs; and General Oufkir and Commandant Ahmed Dlimi of the Moroccan Sûreté.

DESPITE his bland denials, Oufkir was unquestionably at the villa on the night of Saturday, October 30. Documentary evidence proves that Lopez telephoned twice to the Moroccan Ministry of the Interior on October 29; that Oufkir later returned the call from Meknes, where he was dining; that he arrived at Orly from Morocco, and Dlimi from Algeria, on Saturday afternoon; and that a phone call was made to him at the Boucheseiche villa that night from a Paris hotel, where a room—which he never occupied—had been reserved for him. The reservation and the phone call had been made by a nephew by marriage, El Gholi El Mahi, who had been given the telephone number by Oufkir himself at the airport.

Lopez swears that he has no idea what Oufkir did with Ben Barka, since he had merely deposited the Moroccan Minister at the villa and driven off for the weekend. Alerted by that evening's first radio reports of Ben Barka's disappearance, however, Lopez turned back and drove to his own villa at Ormoy, a few kilometers from Fontenay-le-Vicomte. There, he says, he found Oufkir (to whom he had previously given the house keys) together with Figon and several Moroccans. Oufkir sent him to bed only to awaken him at midnight with a telephone call from Orly. Summoned to the airport by Oufkir, ostensibly to help look up departure schedules for Geneva, chief of the passenger service Lopez avows that he did go to look up the schedules and then took everyone back to Ormoy for what was left of the night. At five in the morning, they all returned to the airport, where Oufkir took off for Switzerland and Dlimi for Morocco.

If this part of Lopez's testimony may be hard to credit, it is irresistibly suggestive in one respect, and the enterprising staff of *Paris-Match* could not resist making the suggestion. At midnight some weeks ago, a group of *Match* photographers made the experiment of driving out to Orly with a trunk strapped to the roof of their car and found that

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they were able to deliver the trunk directly to the loading bay of an Air France cargo plane without interference from police or customs. There are other theories as to how Ben Barka might have vanished without leaving a trace: dismemberment, cremation, burial in some lonely ravine or river bed. Recalling the 1964 episode of the Egyptian spy found in a trunk at Rome's Fiumicino Airport, *Match* readers generally prefer this one.

Was Figon Suicided?

One person who was in a position to reveal what really did happen at Fontenay-le-Vicomte was Georges Figon; and shortly before his death, he did, or supposedly did. On January 10—with the police presumably combing Paris for Figon, who had been a fugitive since early November—the weekly *L'Express* published the purported transcript of a tape-recorded conversation between Figon and a free-lance journalist named Jean Marvier who knew him well. The text did not quite fit the headline, which stated starkly: "I Saw Ben Barka Killed." Actually, Figon said only that he saw General Oufkir snatch a dagger from a wall in the villa and torture his victim, already bound and bloodied by the Boucheseiche mob, with repeated pricks at his throat and chest. When Ben Barka fainted, he was carried to the Lopez villa and tied tightly to the furnace in the cellar, where —though not in Figon's presence— he reportedly died. "I want to thank sincerely whoever has helped us," Figon quoted Oufkir as saying when it was all over. "We will meet again when I have another occasion to employ you." "In that case, I hope you still have a lot of enemies," Figon claimed to have replied.

Figon ostensibly said a lot of other things on that tape, giving a vivid description of the gangsters' brutality and asserting that the enigmatic boss of the Barbouzes, Pierre Lemarchand, had not only been kept informed of the kidnapping plans from the start but had given Figon the green light and official protection. No sooner had the *L'Express* story appeared, however, than Figon wrote to every important paper in Paris, maintaining that the article was a fabrication from beginning to end. A week later, the police finally came around to pick him up and found him dead.

The circumstances of Figon's death were so strikingly similar to Stavisky's (another man who carried portentous secrets to the grave) that the satirical *Canard Enchainé* ran the same headline it had used thirty-two years before: "Figon Commits Suicide with a Revolver Which He Has Had Fired at Him at Point-Blank Range." By official verdict, he had shot himself while alone in his ground-floor flat, with the police at the door. But the bullet had entered his skull from behind the right ear and emerged at the temple. No paraffin tests were made of his hands to determine whether he had fired a gun. No "usable" fingerprints were discovered on the weapon lying under his body. And, while nobody in the building had heard the shot, no silencer was found on the premises.

There was still a chance that Figon might speak out from the grave. The editors of *L'Express* had never been able to prove the authenticity of Figon's tape-recorded conversation, conceding that they possessed only the transcript. Marvier, they said, had given the tape itself to Figon—incomprehensibly without running off a copy—because the fugitive was getting nervous and carried a gun. A tape that had actually been found among the dead man's effects was played off to a tense audience of fifty police and judicial experts. The voice was Figon's, but the text was a film treatment entitled *The Good Boys,* which he had written on the urging of author Marguerite Duras.

For all the mystery of Figon's death, it helped to clear up at least one tantalizing question: how he could have circulated so freely in Paris for nearly three months—frequenting his favorite haunts, talking with dozens of journalists, even getting himself photographed by *Paris-Match* on the steps of the police headquarters—with a warrant out for his arrest. After Figon's burial, Pierre Lemarchand confessed to Judge Zollinger what he had hitherto stubbornly denied: that forty-eight hours after the kidnapping, in exchange for a promise of immunity, Figon had told the whole story, not just to him but to Lemarchand's close friend and onetime collaborator in some daring anti-OAS exploits, Jean Caille, a division commissioner of police information. Since Caille was an intimate of the Minister of Interior, Roger Frey, this may explain how the information reached the top so quickly.

ANOTHER and quicker channel of confidential information was the SDECE, which normally sends daily secret-service reports to the Premier's office and to four presidential assistants in the Elysée. Antoine Lopez had submitted several preparatory reports on the operation and had also telephoned the last-minute details to his superior, known as Colonel Marcel Le Roy or Finville, di-

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MEANWHILE, DOWN IN MOROCCO . . .

RABAT

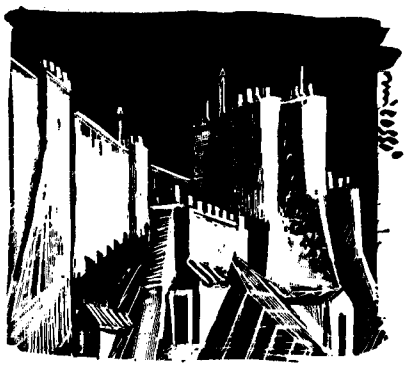
Considering the cardinal importance of two Moroccans in the Ben Barka affair—the victim and his presumed assassin—Morocco has maintained a singular silence. There have been no public outcries, no riots in the streets, and none but the most formal protests from Ben Barka's party. Neither has there been any visible effort on the part of the royal palace to discover the truth. Every request from France for help in interrogating suspected Moroccan participants has been rejected. French demands for extradition of the gangster Jojo Boucheseiche, known to have flown to Casablanca on November 1, have been ignored. General Mohamed Oufkir, for whom France has issued an international warrant of arrest, continues to serve King Hassan II as Minister of the Interior, surviving two Cabinet shake-ups at the end of February. Thus as far as Morocco is concerned, the case appears to have been closed ever since it opened.

While the King must have been moved by higher considerations of royal prestige as well, he would probably have been obliged to sacrifice his Interior Minister if the popular clamor had been strong enough. There has been no popular clamor, however, since those who might have organized it have been more confused than grieved by Ben Barka's disappearance.

In this Moroccan capital, I learned a good deal about Ben Barka from several disinterested sources. Before he became a key figure in Moroccan post-independence politics, he had been a mathematics tutor to Prince (now King) Hassan. At the time he vanished, he had been living abroad four years, the first two wholly on his own volition, with a comfortable allowance from Nasser, among other sources. Caught up in a whirl of high-level Third World activities, he had not only lost touch with the Moroccan political situation, and much of his former influence as well, but was no longer primarily interested in it. No longer the acknowledged or even titular leader of his party, he had grown so estranged from local UNFP leaders while in exile as to arouse their deep resentment, taking Algeria's side against Morocco's in the 1964 border war, making inflammatory attacks on the monarchy—which they consider an indispensable institution—and preventing their entrance into the government by what amounted to political blackmail. If they could not very well disown him when he vanished, neither could they take up his cause with burning conviction.

As a personal emissary of Nasser's on any number of secret missions throughout Africa, and as principal organizer of the three-continent conference in Havana, he could scarcely have cared less about becoming a mere Cabinet Minister in Rabat; and if he had warned his UNFP colleagues that he would attack them mercilessly should they enter the Cabinet themselves—as nearly all of them wanted to do—it was largely through concern for his own image in radical international circles. Alive and freely circulating, I was told, he was an invaluable asset to anyone who, like General Oufkir (and presumably the CIA), would have given a lot to keep the UNFP out of the Moroccan government.

There remains another risk that Hassan cannot afford to take lightly. Morocco might survive, but could not prosper, without substantial French assistance; and de Gaulle's displeasure has been marked enough to suggest that such assistance might eventually be cut off. Since the recall of the French ambassador from Rabat on January 23, however, and the subsequent recall of the Moroccan ambassador from Paris, both countries have evidently been trying to avert a complete rupture. There are 110,000 French citizens still living in Morocco, the largest remaining group of its kind in French-speaking Africa. Their continuing presence is no less important to France than to Morocco. Apart from the right-wing, Islamic-minded Istiqlal—the most irreconcilable opponent in Morocco of both the French and Ben Barka—nobody in either country would like to take any step that might make the break inevitable.



rectly before and after the event. Yet, although these details were allegedly passed on at once to the heads of four police and security services, none of the participants except Lopez were arrested until several weeks later, and they were minor participants at that (the two policemen, Oufkir's nephew, and Bernier). Bernier says that he furnished several vital clues on November 1, first calling the Interior Minister's *chef du cabinet*, then informing the criminal brigade of Figon's role, telephone number, and likely weekend address—either Lemarchand's home or Fontenay-le-Vicomte. Furthermore, Lopez claims that on November 3 he personally offered to lead the chief of the criminal brigade to General Oufkir, Dlimi, and Chtouki, all of whom were back in Paris at the time for a Moroccan embassy reception. The offer, he adds, was rejected.

The implications were grave enough to arouse tormenting doubts and suspicions throughout France. Why, when Ben Barka was possibly still alive and the police knew his probable whereabouts, did they do nothing to rescue him? Why had all the Moroccans involved been permitted to leave the country without even being questioned? How had four notorious gangsters slipped across the frontier without the slightest trouble? What was the connection between these shoddy underworld characters—all of whom, it turned out, had worked for the Gestapo during the Occupation, then for Lemarchand's Barbouzes during the Algerian war—and the French secret police? How and why had Figon died, and why had the inquest been closed so hastily? Why did the Minister of the Interior publicly deny on November 12 what he

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had known since November 1 or 2, that two French policemen had taken part in the abduction? Why had he and other high officials kept the full truth from President de Gaulle for many weeks? Why, above all, had an important and trusted intelligence agent, in the nation's employ for eight years, been allowed to become a party to a political crime of such magnitude?

Various Versions

The simplest and least plausible explanation is that nobody expected it to be a crime of any magnitude at all. According to this version, the elaborate preparations going on for at least a year, the expenditure of what must have been a good deal of money, the recruitment of several dozen assistants on two continents, and the enlistment of nobody knows how many secret-service men in how many countries, were designed solely to arrange for a private political conversation between Ben Barka and General Oufkir—or better yet, King Hassan II. Then someone at the villa forgot himself or lost his temper, leading to an "accident" (Ben Barka's death); and the entire chain of command in France, from the secret police to the Cabinet, closed ranks to keep the unfortunate incident quiet.

Apart from its other defects, this theory does not explain why a talk with Ben Barka should have been so hard to arrange, or why either General Oufkir or King Hassan should have been so desperately anxious to arrange it. The king's brother, Prince Moulay Aly, had already had a private and cordial talk with Ben Barka in Frankfurt last May, arranged with little difficulty. Through the prince, Hassan had informed Ben Barka that he was pardoned for his part in the 1963 assassination plot (everybody else implicated had already been released from prison) and had invited him back to Morocco with a personal guarantee of his safety.

During the same month, the King had initiated talks with leaders of Ben Barka's party in Rabat, the UNFP, in the hope of bringing them into his government—an urgent objective for him after the bloody Casablanca riots in March. Since the UNFP had proved receptive, further and still more hopeful talks were held in September. "The King explained to us that he did not want to live perpetually as a prisoner in the palace, prepared to flee the country at a moment's notice, with a plane kept ready and waiting twenty-four hours a day," I was told by the UNFP's leader, Abderrahmed Bouabid, in Rabat last month. "We replied that since this was so, there were no real obstacles in the way of our collaboration, and we agreed to meet again for definitive negotiations at the end of October." That was when Ben Barka disappeared.

THIS COINCIDENCE seems to confirm another theory about the affair, according to which General Oufkir determined to eliminate Ben Barka so as to prevent the King from carrying out the opening to the Left. In view of persistent (and evidently orchestrated) rumors that the CIA had encouraged and financed the kidnapping because it shared Oufkir's dislike of a left-leaning government in Rabat, the theory merits careful consideration. It is weakened by the fact that the only real obstacle to a Moroccan opening to the Left was Ben Barka himself.

While there is no shred of evidence to connect it with the affair, the CIA is persistently accused of having been behind the kidnapping for one of two reasons: either because of Ben Barka's role in the Havana three-continent conference or because the United States wanted to supplant France as the predominant influence in Morocco. The first motive is too flimsy to be taken seriously, since the Havana conference ran along predictable lines without Ben Barka, as it no doubt would have done with him. The second motive is none too convincing, either. Assuming that the United States was eager to pay out the $100 million a year that France now contributes to Morocco—and this is a very doubtful assumption—the CIA has rarely been known to operate with such superb efficiency. It might conceivably have persuaded General Oufkir to do its dirty work, since his relations with the Americans are close. But it is most unlikely to have convinced the French secret service that kidnapping and/or murdering Ben Barka, and then making practically the entire French government such a flagrantly guilty accomplice as to provoke Morocco into breaking off relations, would be a good idea.

Mental Gymnastics

Another theory ascribes the kidnapping to the French secret service, which supposedly engineered the whole thing in order to check growing American influence in Morocco. This version has it that Ben Barka was not supposed to be killed or even disappear for long. He was simply to have been delivered into Oufkir's willing or unwilling hands, and then rescued dramatically by the French police—simultaneously making heroes of the French and Ben Barka, and a villain of Oufkir. Then Oufkir, the King, and the

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régime so susceptible to American seduction would be ousted.

As a pure mental exercise, the idea is intriguing. Among the French with substantial investments in Morocco is an influential group known as La Gauche Bancaire, which has been anxious for some time to avert a possibly disastrous Castro-type revolution in Rabat by bringing the fairly moderate and domesticated UNFP into power. And the Americans, who do have an appreciable influence on King Hassan, are hardly enthusiastic over the prospect. Nevertheless, the idea falls apart on closer inspection. First of all, King Hassan himself evidently wanted the same thing desired by the so-called Gauche Bancaire; and whatever the American opposition, when Ben Barka vanished he had been working toward that objective with every chance of success. Moreover, though friendly toward the United States, the King is (or was, until the scandal broke) on far closer terms with France and on particularly warm terms with President de Gaulle. It is unthinkable that de Gaulle, or anyone loyal to him, would willingly unseat King Hassan—the only man ensuring what little stability there is in Morocco—and embark on a revolutionary adventure bristling with unforeseeable perils.

Those *Au Parfum*

There are no other neat explanations. One can only conclude that the Ben Barka affair must have begun, as it is apparently ending, in a welter of cross-purposes. Did General Oufkir have a powerful private motive for doing away with Ben Barka? Possibly, since he had played a major part in getting Ben Barka convicted in absentia for conspiracy in 1963, and no doubt regarded the left-wing leader as his own and King Hassan's most relentless enemy. Did Antoine Lopez and his superiors in the SDECE have a comparably strong motive for helping Oufkir? Possibly, too. Oufkir, who had once worked superbly well for the Deuxième Bureau in Indo-China and for the French Resident-General Georges Boyer de Latour in Morocco, was in a position to ask the French Secret Service for important favors, and may have promised to reward Lopez with a job as head of Royal Air Maroc in Rabat or Paris, greatly strengthening the French intelligence network throughout North Africa. Would that be enough to account for the remarkable protective cover extended by the French authorities to both Lopez and Oufkir? Almost certainly not.

The dishonesty shown by President de Gaulle's Minister of the Interior is understandable if deplorable. Information on the crime had reached Roger Frey just two days before de Gaulle was to announce his decision either to run or not run in the December 4 presidential elections, and everybody in top Gaullist circles who was *au parfum*—in the know—was thoroughly alarmed by the thought that de Gaulle might

not run if he knew what had really happened.

Yet there were others *au parfum* who would not have been unhappy to see de Gaulle withdraw or who, in the pursuit of private interests, would not have cared one way or the other. For just beneath the topmost layer of the government is a subgovernment that de Gaulle has never managed to control—a legacy partly of the Fourth Republic and partly of the Algerian war which ushered in the Fifth. France today has nineteen organizations doing police, security, or intelligence work, many capable of influencing politics through interlocking political friendships and several engaged in a fierce subterranean struggle for supremacy. A number of those who joined these services in pre-Gaullist days had grown accustomed to overlooking legal niceties; and a great many who joined later—especially the Barbouzes in the Parallel Police—have been hardened to cynical brutality by their experience in Algeria. If the OAS was utterly ruthless in its efforts to hold Algeria, so were the men who were used to crush it: men like Boucheseiche, Le Ny, Dubail, Palisse—and Barbouze Pierre Lemarchand, who recruited them. It could hardly have been otherwise.

Whatever guilty knowledge may be concealed in Morocco, it is in Paris that a large share lies buried. Did Lemarchand give "the green light and official cover" to Georges Figon so as to compromise and eventually demolish the SDECE? Did Antoine Lopez and his superiors implicate Lemarchand so as to strike at the Parallel Police or, through Lemarchand, at his close friend Roger Frey? Was it Economics Minister Michel Debré, once deeply immersed in Algerian affairs and now a bitter rival of Premier Georges Pompidou, who learned from his former comrades and planted in the press the stories most damaging to the SDECE—for which Pompidou was formally responsible? Which police commissioner had private reasons for protecting or exposing which secret service? The ordinary Frenchman will probably never know.

Outraged by a wholesale disregard of law and principle, President de Gaulle has struck hard at these services, removing the director of the SDECE, shifting it from the control of the Premier to the Defense Ministry, appointing the retired diplomat Léon Noël—and not Interior Minister Roger Frey—to prepare a plan for the drastic reform of all the police and counterespionage agencies. He did not fire Frey, but considerably reduced his authority in intelligence matters. At his February 21 press conference, de Gaulle deplored the damage done to French-Moroccan relations and excoriated the press for its lust for sensationalism which had driven it to tarnish the honor of the ship of state. If de Gaulle's measures come too late to save Ben Barka's life, those who wish France well hope that they will restore the national honor.

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The War in Washington: The Temper of the Capital

MEG GREENFIELD

On Monday evening, February 21, NBC's six o'clock television news broadcast announced another important development in the dispute over Vietnam now going on in Washington. The fifteen Democratic Senators who had written President Johnson urging him not to resume the bombings in January had submitted a new resolution to the Senate calling for a renewed bombing pause and a "lull in ground action." A telephone call to one of the Senators revealed that he had never heard of the resolution. Before discounting it entirely, however, he checked elsewhere in the Senate and then speculated that it might be a move under way in the House. Inquiries on the House side also produced bafflement. For its part, NBC appeared to be under the impression that the item had been carried on the United Press International wire, but this came as news to UPI's Senate staff. By eleven o'clock the rumor had vanished from the news.

Given the mood of Washington these days, it is not surprising to find a major network succumbing momentarily to confusion or a United States Senator entertaining the possibility that steps of which he has never heard have been taken in his name. The capital's present state of mind and nerves—not to mention the quality of its intercommunications—can be measured by the other events that were occurring. The Pentagon was trying to quash a story that it had encouraged various veterans' groups to put political pressure on Senator Vance Hartke (D., Indiana), who is one leader of the Senate's discontented. The State Department was trying to formulate a strategy for dealing with hostile legislative proposals, although it still did not know (1) how many there would be, (2) what would be said, or (3) who was supporting them.

The meaning and purpose of Senator Robert F. Kennedy's statement of February 19 endorsing a coalition government in Saigon remained in doubt. Some Senators were privately welcoming Kennedy to their side, while others were complaining that he had tried to take the play away from them. Chairman J. W. Fulbright of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee said he was inclined to agree with Kennedy's statement—if he understood it correctly. He added that he had not conversed with Kennedy "since last year." Fulbright assumed that what Kennedy had in mind was Vietcong participation in a pre-election "interim" government that would arrange for elections to take place. General Maxwell D. Taylor assumed that the proposal was for a *post*-election coalition if the voting came out that way, and on this basis he let it be known from his office near the White House that he, too, was in some kind of agreement with Kennedy. All that, to be sure, fell apart the following day. At the moment, seeming agreements and disagreements have a way of coming to pieces under observation.

There are rumors people have heard and rumors they have only heard about—rumored rumors. A Democratic Senator told me he believed the White House was tapping his office telephone. The President is alleged to have said all sorts of disgusting things about Fulbright. There are tales that White House pressure led to the cancellation of CBS's coverage of former Ambassador George F. Kennan's critical testimony. And according to one Senator, some of his colleagues hold the following theory about Under Secretary of State George W. Ball's recent hard-line speech on Vietnam: though Ball had generally been considered around town to be a dissenter from Rusk's position, this may simply have been a ruse promoted all along by the administration with the aim of ultimately having Ball undermine the dissenters' own position.

Such theories disregard an all too obvious aspect of the current quarrel: none of the many sides appears to be in control of events. On the contrary, improvisation has become the rule, with the various participants often reacting to nothing more than press accounts of what others have said or done.

Why Now?

A lot of long-standing personal and political feuds have been reactivated by the debate over Vietnam, and the President is said to believe that the violence is due in part to a stepped-up campaign by the detractors of Dean Rusk. It is true that Rusk has replaced Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara as the target of many policy critics and that one no longer hears much about "McNamara's war." Rusk, who not so long ago was under attack for not making his positions clear, is apparently making them too clear now. He has been more adamant about a military solution than McNamara, the scuttlebutt goes; he, not McNamara, put the whole thing "on a moral plane." A former State Department official, Roger Hilsman, has been actively on the attack, and some within the administration and at its periphery have joined in. Whatever changes may or may not have occurred in McNamara's thinking, however, Rusk is only making the same kind of statements now that McNamara was making a year ago, at a time when the bombings were just beginning and before the administration was showing much interest in negotiations. Why didn't the outburst on the Hill come then?

"If it gives you any pleasure I will say it again," Fulbright declared to a group of reporters recently. "I am sorry we didn't have these hearings and discussions in 1964." A few days before he had explained: "I can only say that I did not realize earlier how

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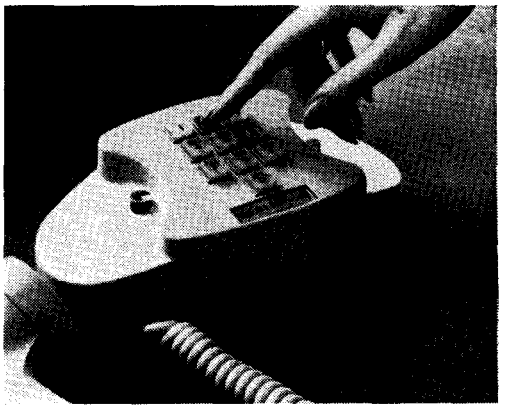

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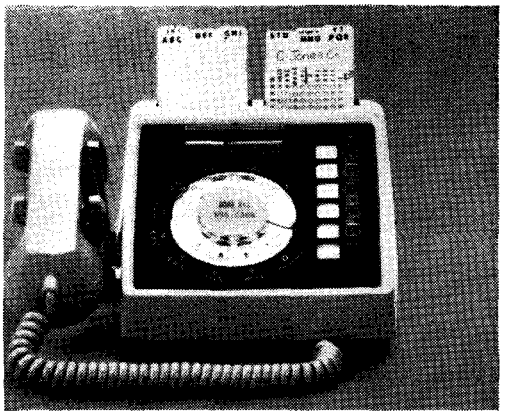

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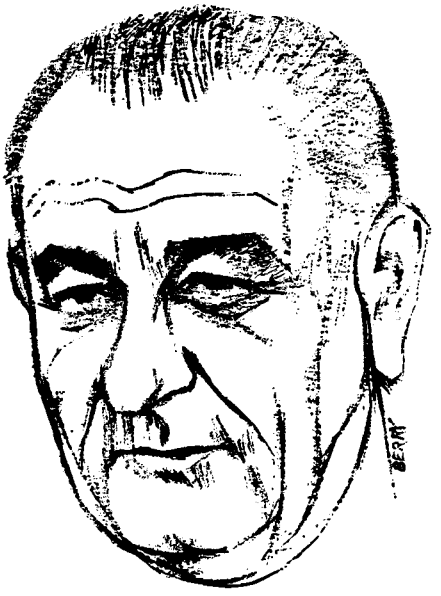
serious this commitment in Southeast Asia was." The chairman's position was an awkward one because some of those who were opposing him at the moment could (and did) point out that they had understood the seriousness of the commitment when it was made.

Over the past several years, the Foreign Relations Committee had become known as something of a weak sister in the Senate. Its staff work was not of a high order—a great many of the chairman's questions were based on information culled from newspaper clippings. The committee itself was badly divided and not under Fulbright's control, and he was rather casual about exercising its prerogatives. When he differed sharply from an administration position, it became his habit to take to the floor and speak out on his own, as he did when he failed to get a majority for a report on the intervention in the Dominican Republic after his hearings last summer.

IN THE VIEW of many people, that was when his relations with the President took a turn for the disastrous. At the same time, Fulbright was under increasing pressure from Senators who disapproved of the conduct of the war and who wanted him to crystallize their misgivings and provide them with the authority of his committee for a hearing. There were meetings, and more meetings. Over lunch with two Senators, the chairman mentioned the possibility of holding open hearings, but the feeling on the Hill at the time was that he wouldn't dare. Fulbright also made common cause with Hartke, who in a meeting with a few colleagues decided on the form of the letter to the White House to express their view that the bombing pause should be prolonged. Fulbright was not a signer, but the letter was worked on by Carl Marcy of the committee staff. In those busy few days, each side had new cause for anger. The White House accused the Senators of leaking the letter to the press before it had even been received, and the Senators were infuriated by the way in which the President consulted with the leaders of Congress. To hear them tell it, they were preached to rather than heard—and when it was over, photographers snapped their collective likeness and the pictures were released to the press along with word that all but two of those present had agreed with the administration's position.

In this whole tangle of grievances, there does not seem to be a clear or single truth. But it is safe to say that the White House—whatever the degree of its exasperation with its critics—all but pushed them over the edge. The President probably underestimated the genuine dismay in the Senate and the growing resentment over his manner of handling it. For example, if he hadn't let it be known last spring that the near unanimous vote he received on his requests for an extra $700



million was a measure of support, he would not now have had to call on some of his loyal troops to reassure the Senate and the public that a vote for the military supplemental appropriations in no way was a vote for administration foreign policy. Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield has publicly said that no administration has done more consulting with the Senate than the present one. And there does appear to have been a good amount of back-and-forth between Cabinet members, department officials, and the legislators. But the protests were somehow set aside—first in the political campaign and then in the rush for domestic legislation. For all their visits to the White House or their telephone conversations with the President, they never really were made to share in the administration's deliberations or in the responsibility for decisons.

THERE WERE also policy reasons for the administration's approach to Congress, some of them inevitable. In the spring and summer of 1964 the administration had not decided whether to increase our participation in the Vietnam war; accordingly, its statements avoided playing up the growing intervention of Hanoi, which might have forced it into a position it was not sure it wanted to take. The result was that its subsequent emphasis on Hanoi's moves seemed both sudden and questionable. Again, at the time of the flurry of meetings last summer when the decision to increase our troops was made, the buildup was deliberately made to seem the least provocative of all alternatives —rumors of a call-up of reserves and of a $5-billion appropriation were deflated when the President chose to extend the draft and trim the sum. At that time, high officials in the government conceded that an approach involving a joint session of Congress and declaration of a national emergency might have had the advantage of achieving legislative participation and authority, but they argued that it would have been a more provocative, dramatic, and therefore dangerous move.

At the time of the draft extension, as for a while before and ever since, the administration also took to pursuing what appeared to be two parallel policy lines: military gestures were matched with further United Nations involvements or renewed calls for talks. Throughout the same period, it was facing parallel complaints in the Senate. The Armed Services Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee was giving McNamara a terrible time over failure, as the committee saw it, to request sufficient funds for troops and matériel. The administration's fix was not an agreeable one. Each time Senator John Stennis (D., Mississippi) outlined what he thought was required for the war, the critics from the other side would renew the charge that the administration commitment was far beyond what had

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been publicly stated. By late last summer this seeming duality of policy was failing to have the desired effect at home. Neither side was satisfied by the gesture made in its direction: rather it attacked the other half of the policy. So long as the Republicans stayed in the battle, the Democratic Left in the Senate could caution against following their advice. But in one of his most canny moves, Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen took the Republicans out of the arena. They can resume attack whenever they want to. But for the time being, the Democrats are left with each other.

The Quarrel

Because the Fulbright hearings were public and televised, one had to sift out the debating points to get to the heart of the quarrel. Russell B. Long and Wayne Morse had clearly identified one another as enemies early in the hearings and in the debate that was going on on the floor. But for most of the others on both sides of the table, there seemed to be a good deal of doubt and confusion about who the enemy was and something less than certainty about whose argument to answer. No one doubts that the Republicans can open fire whenever they wish to or that there are persons in government counseling harder action, but at this point the administration would probably be willing to reproduce their public statements at no cost. Barry Goldwater provided a little such material a few weeks ago on television, but practically no one else on the Right who matters has been willing to offer Lyndon Johnson a position to balance his present critics and to provide him with a middle to stand in.

Whoever first provided current usage with the dove and hawk terminology has a lot to answer for. Accuracy and complexity have been sacrificed repeatedly to the symmetrical requirements of the day. Not that such simplicity has even managed to stay simple. At the present time, for instance, it is considered in many parts of Washington that the administration's recent move to the Security Council was unconscionably hawkish because it was bound to put the Soviets on the spot. When the President said after General James Gavin and George Kennan had testified that he believed they and he were in general accord, there was more than political salve to the remark. To be sure, everyone has been looking for a middle to move into. On the same day, two Washington reporters in different papers revealed that Robert Kennedy had believed he was taking a position between the President and his critics, and that Chairman Fulbright had believed *he* was taking a position between the President and Kennedy. But to some extent, the administration's positions look to be sharper and more unremitting than they are because it is (1) also addressing governments abroad and fighting a war and (2) defending decisions that were taken

after the doubts still being expressed on the Hill had been weighed. But the self-imposed limitations—on both ends and means—that mark the administration position have long been abundantly clear.

APPARENTLY what has been less clear to many of its critics is the distance the administration has moved—all the while being chased from the Left. The ground in the attack upon Johnson and Rusk has constantly been shifting, however. Last year at this time, even as French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville was revealing that he had reason to believe Hanoi and Peking were ready to go to the table and before the administration had made any firm commitments to bargaining, Senator Frank Church (D., Idaho) was responding with rage to a Soviet attack on the U.S. role. "Kosygin calls not for talks but for surrender," Church said. "He will never get that from the United States!" Since that time there has been the offer of unconditional negotiations, the admission that the position is "flexible" on Vietcong participation, and the move to get Security Council action as well as two pauses in the bombing. But each of these moves, though at one time said to be all that was standing between us and the co-operation of Hanoi, has lost precedence to a newly invoked obstacle. This year it is that the United States is demanding "unconditional surrender."

If the argument were only over strategy to achieve generally accepted ends, tempers would not have risen to such a pitch. But at a personal level, there appears to have been much reason for exasperation at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. It is not clear yet what form the conflict will move into, but there is some evidence of an awareness of a need to get the discourse back under control. Senator Albert Gore (D., Tennessee) has said that he believes the hearings may have been useful in establishing "a degree of unity which I believe is badly needed." Secretary Rusk has begun to make some conciliatory moves. Most people have been obliged to point out that they are not for "precipitate withdrawal" or "escalation," which may not have been as self-evident as it seemed. But an awful lot of bridges have been burned in Washington this winter, and when order is restored to the Capitol much will be different. The President will have a revised notion of the mutinous possibilities in an unhappy Congress and he will also have—if the past is any guide—an abiding recollection of who was straight and who was not, of who would and wouldn't listen, of who tried to work out differences and who did not. Within the Senate, within the administration, and between those two branches there will be a whole new set of scores to be settled, of credits to be collected, and of debts to be paid.

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'Socialist Legality' On Trial

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG

Even Russians in Moscow branded the trial of Andrei Sinyavsky ("Abram Tertz") and Yuli Daniel ("Nikolai Arzhak") a "sham," and the barbarous sentences passed on them have created a world-wide uproar among left-wing intellectual circles. In these circumstances it is curious and not a little sad that Professor Harold J. Berman, a distinguished American authority on Soviet law interviewed in the New York *Times,* could conclude that "The trial was . . . something of a victory in the struggle for broader civil liberties. At least," he added, "the trial was genuine."

Arbitrary terror was the hallmark of the 1930's, when hundreds of people disappeared into Lubianka Prison or the wastes of Siberia without a semblance of judicial procedure. But in the 1940's, with the exception of the execution of the most important representatives of Yiddish letters (1949-1950), not even under Stalin were nonconformist writers necessarily treated with the brutality and cynicism that befell Sinyavsky and Daniel.

An interesting parallel between the "Zhdanov era" of the late 1940's and the present was drawn by the Communist weekly *Ny Dag* of Stockholm on January 21: "The late Soviet author Mikhail Zoshchenko, during the time of Stalin and Zhdanov, wrote a seemingly harmless humorous story about the adventures of a monkey. . . . Zhdanov declared before a big meeting in Leningrad that the story was proof of its author's 'flaming hatred against the Soviet system.' . . . Zoshchenko was excommunicated from the Writers Union and for some time was unable to publish anything, but there were no legal consequences for him. Twenty years have passed since then. And thirteen years have passed since Stalin's death."

Khrushchev's Reforms

Of course, it would be absurd to claim that the general political atmosphere in Russia today is the same as—or worse than—it was twenty years ago. Soviet society is incomparably more free and the régime more lenient than under Stalin and Zhdanov. To cite but one example, in the campaign unleashed by Zhdanov in 1946 nearly every Soviet writer was forced to heap abuse upon the hapless victims, whereas now, significantly enough, not a single Soviet intellectual of stature has yet identified himself with the campaign unleashed by Zhdanov's heirs. The question at issue is whether in the context of the politicial developments in the Soviet Union over the past decade or so, the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel was indeed "something of a victory in the struggle for broader civil liberties"—or whether it was a setback for the progressive forces in Russia and a victory for those who wish to contain the struggle for broader civil liberties.

Shortly after Khrushchev's not so secret anti-Stalin speech of February, 1956, a drastic reform of Soviet (that is, Stalinist) law was initiated, resulting in the promulgation, two years later, of the "Fundamental Principles of Criminal Legislation" —fourteen laws that were to serve as the basis for codes to be adopted by each of the republics of the Soviet Union. Other laws, dealing with crimes against the state, military crimes, and military courts, were passed shortly thereafter, and in 1960 the Criminal Code of the Russian Republic—the largest republic of all—was enacted. It is under the provision of Article 70 of this code, which stipulates punishment for "anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation," that Daniel and Sinyavsky were brought to trial six years later.

Perhaps the single most important achievement of the legal reforms of 1957-1960 was the strengthening of due process of law in the Soviet Union. The worst injustices of the Stalin era—such as the special boards of the Ministry of Internal Affairs, which had the power to sentence people to hard labor without any hearings, without right to counsel, and with no right of appeal—had already been eliminated in the immediate post-Stalin period. But the Principles did away with the noxious "analogy clause," which had permitted prosecution and punishment for crimes not expressly covered in the statute books. According to Article 3 of the Principles, "Only persons guilty of committing a crime, that is, those who intentionally or by negligence have committed a socially dangerous act specified by the criminal statute, shall be held responsible and incur punishment."

The role of the defense lawyer, who was previously little more than a pawn in the hands of the procurator, was greatly enhanced, and the presumption of the innocence of the defendant until proved guilty was established. The doctrine that —especially in "counterrevolutionary" crimes—the burden of proof shifts to the accused was repudiated.

These and other reforms had created a climate that made it ex-

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ceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for the Soviet authorities to return to the most egregious malpractices of the Stalin era. Even Valeriy Tarsis, given to describing the Soviet leaders as "fascists" and "bandits," has made it clear that he regards the present era as a vast improvement over the Stalin days. Unless, then, the Soviet authorities were willing to repudiate and thus make a complete mockery of all their assurances that there would be no return to the crimes, they had to provide some sort of a trial for the two writers, and they had to cloak it with at least the minimum trappings of orderly procedure. Furthermore, the post-Stalin climate had made it possible for Sinyavsky and Daniel to resist pressures to confess and for them to behave in court with courage and dignity. Yet once the unavoidable concessions to the spirit of the time were made, the Soviets demonstrated again that, in the words of an eminent authority on Soviet law, "There still is nothing to prevent them from flagrantly flouting their own laws."

Progress and Reaction

The basic requirement of a "genuine" trial is that both the prosecution and the defense be given an opportunity to present their cases in court, and that the verdict be based on an objective evaluation of the evidence presented, without any prior assumption of the guilt of the accused. This seemingly elementary principle was implicitly accepted in the new legislation, but because of the weight of tradition and the power of the procurator who controls the preliminary investigation, it has been frequently and openly disregarded by Soviet courts—so much so that some of the most notable judicial authorities in the Soviet Union have found it necessary to denounce the abuses and to plead for firm observance of the rule of law. As recently as in December, 1964, A. Gorkin, chairman of the Supreme Court of the Soviet Union, came out with a spirited defense of this principle in *Izvestia*: "None of the conclusions of the preliminary investigation," he asserted, "are binding on the court." Furthermore, Gorkin found it necessary to attack another prevalent practice—the tendency on the part of the Soviet press to condemn a defendant before the trial itself takes place. His comments on this matter are worth citing in full:

"The press plays a great positive role in eliminating shortcomings in the work of the courts. At the same time, it should be noted that the press sometimes publishes articles which, before the hearing of a case in court, pronounce various persons guilty and prejudge the question of punishment, mostly in favor of the maximum penalty. The press can and must criticize shortcomings in the work of the courts and express views on the correctness or incorrectness of its decisions, but to prejudge the sentence of the court and thereby to exert pressure on the court means, instead of combating mistakes in the work of the courts, contributing to the commission of these mistakes."

If one takes these remarks by the chairman of the Supreme Court (and there were others who made similar comments) as representative of the liberalizing spirit that had come to pervade the Soviet judicial system circa 1964, it becomes abundantly clear that the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel was in sharp contradiction to it. For there is every indication that the "guilt" of the two writers was established from the day of their arrest in September, 1965, that the preliminary investigation was merely to confirm their guilt, and that the purpose of the trial itself was simply to invest it with a cloak of legality. Prior to the trial, the defendants were subjected to a public campaign of slander and calumny for which there is no parallel in the post-Stalin era. The trial was supposedly open, but in fact it was held before a carefully screened audience, from which even the non-Soviet Communist press was excluded. The reports that appeared in Soviet newspapers were unbelievably tendentious, so that it is impossible to get a clear picture of the actual proceedings. And as for the role of the defense counsel, it was so negligible as to make it virtually nonexistent.

Let us first glance at the campaign that was waged before the trial. The first salvo was fired by Radio Moscow on January 3. It was in English, and it was written by one Boris Belitsky. Though he had "no intention of anticipating what judgment would be pronounced," he was nevertheless "certain that the two men will have to answer for publishing vile fabrications and conducting propaganda against their own country." He added the blithe assurance that "neither is regarded as a writer in this country and neither has much of a literary reputation." After delivering this barefaced lie, Belitsky went on to state that "As for the lampoons they have been producing for export" (which unlike most of his countrymen he was apparently permitted to read), "very eminent and erudite critics and philologists are agreed that these are libelous, malicious, and very often almost illiterate."

Vox Populi

The radio broadcast was followed ten days later by an article in *Izvestia*, "Turncoats," which was cited by George Bailey in the February 24 issue of *the Reporter*. Its author, Dmitri Yeremin, had distinguished himself previously by attacking Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone* and Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, and his style ran true to form ("moral perverts," "renegades," "rabid and unbridled enemies of Communism," "from petty nastiness to grand treason," and so on).

Five days later, *Izvestia* published five of the "numerous responses" to Yeremin's article. One was from Suleiman Rustam, People's (i.e., Court) Poet of Azerbaijan, recipient of a Stalin Prize, the Order of Lenin, and several other awards (the first of his *Selected Poems*, published in 1948, was dedicated to Stalin, and opens with the words "However many lines about you I were to compose, My voice shall not die in my throat"). In his letter, Rustam recommended the "uprooting of weeds that have sprouted in the midst of our garden." He was followed by three "creative artists" from the city of Voronezh, and then by a woman agronomist from Latvia, Z. Gulbis, whose contribution reached the heights of traditional Soviet bathos;

"What could be dearer than the

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Motherland? It is as necessary to man as the sun, as the air, as a clear spring which, no sooner than you've touched it with your lips, fills your chest with life-giving strength."

Mrs. Gulbis was especially exercised about a passage from one of Daniel's works about women, cited by Yeremin:

"With what cynicism does Daniel-Arzhak write about our women! After all, he owes his life to a woman, his mother. . . . To betray one's mother, to betray one's motherland —it's all one and the same thing."

The final word belonged to the literary Establishment, in the person of the writer Zoya Kedrina, whose article appeared in the January 22 issue of the *Literary Gazette*. It would be tedious to cite all the invective with which this ostensible essay in literary criticism abounds—including the incredible charge that Sinyavsky's borrowing of literary techniques and devices from other authors constituted "theft." But one accusation deserves special mention —namely, that Sinyavsky's writings emit "a steady aroma of anti-Semitism." In prior attacks on Sinyavsky, he was sometimes accused of trying, through the use of his pseudonym, Abram Tertz, to "create the impression that anti-Semitism exists in our country." It was left to the author of "Smerdyakov's Heirs" (the title of the Kedrina article), however, to turn this allegation on its head by maintaining that Sinyavsky himself was an anti-Semite! How? By ascribing the views of certain characters in Tertz's stories (all of them obvious caricatures) to their author!

The Trial

The reports on the proceedings (the trial opened in Moscow on February 10 and lasted three days) were all in the same vein. "Laughter in court met Sinyavsky's hypocritical assertions of his love for the Russian people" (Tass). "The court patiently listened to the defendant's long replies to the simple concrete questions" (ibid). "Those present were at times indignant at the extreme cynicism of the accused and at other times openly laughed at their, to put it mildly, naïve replies" (*Izvestia*). But the choicest morsels came from Radio Moscow:

"Daniel, tall, thin, with black insolent eyes . . . behaves in a casual manner at the beginning of the interrogation, impudently denying the obvious. But then, when the prosecution presents to the court a number of proofs, fright and confusion appear ever more often on the slanderer's face. Yes, his back is to the wall, and he begins to feel that in spite of all subterfuges he will not succeed in evading responsibility. From time to time he glances with a confused expression at the courtroom—at the public—as if seeking support. Under the weight of evidence, he is forced to admit all the facts of his criminal activity. Hatred toward our system, toward our people, sounds in his answer. It is in vain that he tries to mask it."

According to Professor Berman (in the interview published in the

New York *Times* after the trial), "It was . . . a striking development . . . that the defendants were not put under severe pressure to plead guilty." On what does Professor Berman base this observation? For one thing, the defendants were held incommunicado for nearly five months prior to the trial. Would this not indicate that they were indeed subjected to severe pressure to admit their guilt and engage in traditional Soviet mea culpas? A passage in *Pravda's* report of February 11 provides even more of a basis for the supposition that the prosecutor had tried his best to wrest from Sinyavsky and Daniel an admission of guilt:

"When asked by the chairman [of the court] whether they plead guilty, Sinyavsky and Daniel reply in the negative, although during the preliminary investigation both of them had pleaded guilty. To be sure, they had denied their intention to engage in anti-Soviet propaganda, but at the same time they had admitted that their works could be used and utilized for the purpose of inflicting harm on our country. Now they deny everything." Why admit something to the police and deny everything in court? The answer, it seems to me, is clear.

THE TRIAL of Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, surely two of the most gifted writers to appear in Russia in the past quarter of a century, leaves many questions still unanswered—the chief of them, perhaps, why the Soviet authorities have decided to make fools of themselves by reverting to discredited Stalinist methods, and why they have decided to flout public opinion, including that of their own friends abroad. The answer to this question cannot be easily disposed of in a few lines. Yet one thing can no longer be questioned: the trial constitutes a blatant repudiation of the gains made by Soviet law in recent years. In many respects, it marks a return to the foulest and most detestable practices of a period that is remembered with a shudder by those who lived through it.

But this very reversal may yet turn out to be another nail in the coffin of the Soviet system. The trial revealed that Sinyavsky and Daniel were not alone, that they had friends who were ready to come to their support. The press was at a loss: On the one hand, it tried to portray the two writers as isolated individuals, ostracized by their fellow citizens and especially fellow writers, yet on the other it had to reckon with the numerous witnesses who testfied at the trial that they had been acquainted with the works of "Tertz" and "Arzhak" and who were obviously sympathetic to them. Furthermore, some of their friends were obviously engaged in the same form of "criminal" activity: writing books and stories for publication in countries that are not ruled by guardians of "socialist realism." These writers may now have been silenced, but their voices will be heard again. Their ranks have increased, and so, obviously, have the ranks of their friends and supporters abroad.

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The Transformation Of Jomo Kenyatta

CLYDE SANGER

DURING the fear-ridden days of the Mau Mau uprising, Kenya's white farmers and colonial officials assumed that Jomo Kenyatta, as president of the Kenya African Union, was behind everything that was evil to them: the oathing ceremonies, the murder of witnesses, even the gunning down of Senior Chief Waruhiu that precipitated the crisis in October, 1952. Through the seven years' emergency, while British troops and gangs led by white Kenyans with blackened faces combed the mountain forests for Mau Mau, only a very few stopped to question this judgment on Kenyatta.

When the Corfield Report, "The Origins and Growth of Mau Mau," compiled by a member of Kenya's "war cabinet" working from government intelligence sources, was published in 1960, the normally astute Colonial Secretary in Britain's Conservative Cabinet, Iain Macleod, declared that it proved Kenyatta's guilt. Macleod not only overlooked the bias of this document but also ignored the fact that the author of the report failed to prove any close association between Kenyatta and those of his fellow Kikuyu who traditionally practice a form of oath-taking to express unity and the fanatics who took the Batuni, or killing oath.

It was perhaps understandable, then, that Sir Patrick Renison, on being appointed Her Majesty's Governor to Kenya and steeping himself in one-sided intelligence reports, should have coined his unhappy phrase "leader to darkness and death," and that he and Macleod should have refused to release Kenyatta even after the 1961 elections. These had been contested peacefully —even diffidently—among Kenya's African politicians, who were determined to earn Kenyatta's freedom through their own exemplary behavior. Soon, however, Sir Patrick began to admit official ignorance: "I don't know what is on Kenyatta's mind," he said as he invited churchmen and journalists to fly north and question the interned nationalist leader, whom he himself had never met.

For a time after Kenyatta's release in 1961 there was a mood of resigned cynicism among most of Kenya's sixty thousand whites. Their politicians had no choice but to accept the fact of majority rule as established by the 1960 London Conference, though they still hoped to retain control through a coalition with the more conservative African party, the Kenya African Democratic Union (KADU). Their aim was to divide the country into six or seven virtually autonomous regions, in the belief that regionalism would give them greater influence. The two-year excursion into regionalism harmed Kenya in several ways, but it served one purpose: it gave the whites time to adapt to the idea that with independence Kenyatta would head the government and that his would be a strong centralist administration.

IN THE END, they came to appreciate those sections of George Delf's sympathetic biography which quote the young Kenyatta's sensitive writings about the Quaker college he attended in England during the 1930's, and which describe Kenyatta's wartime days when he grew vegetables in a Sussex village, was known as "Jumbo" to everyone in the local pub, and lived quietly with his English wife, Grace.

Slowly, the truth about the period before the rebellion of 1952 emerged, making it clear that effective control of the nationalist movement was taken out of Kenyatta's hands in 1951 by an activist group which believed that the only way to achieve independence was through violence. But the real moment of revelation came in August, 1963, after Malcolm MacDonald had arrived as governor, and after a new constitution and fresh elections had reinforced Kenyatta's Kenya African National Union Party (KANU) and its advocates of centralism. Those white settlers who loved their land too much to leave had no one to protect them then except the man they had once regarded as their foremost enemy—who was now their Prime Minister.

That August, Kenyatta came to talk to three hundred white farmers at Nakuru, the first time he had met such a gathering. For hours he answered their complaints about stock thefts and assured them that Kenya would continue to need them and their skills. At the close of the meeting, in an inspired moment, he swung his fly whisk through the air and shouted *"Harambee!,"* the Swahili word for "pull together" that he had made his campaign slogan. There was an instant of surprise and silence. He repeated the word, and at its third cry dozens of weather-beaten white farmers were on their feet, cheering and shouting the slogan. Suddenly it was all so simple. They and Kenyatta had fought each other for years—and imagined the worst about the other—because they had jealously loved the same thing: the land of Kenya. That afternoon in Nakuru they were suddenly united rather than divided by that devotion.

How Wise an Owl?

In the two years that have passed since independence, Kenyatta's reputation has grown abroad to the point that he is now the only African leader whom government officials in Washington and London would mark on a list as "dependable," in that he seems to make his decisions with solid sense and mellow understanding. Those who were hardly his admirers at independence time have lavishly praised him for his firm words and actions against possible Communist infiltration. Even though he was unable to accomplish much as chairman of the Conciliation Committee during the Congo civil war in 1964, American officials had reason for gratitude: Kenyatta discovered that the Americans and Belgians had been preparing the Stanleyville paratroop landing while he was negotiating for the release of the American hostage, Dr. Paul E. Carlson, but he never publicly accused anyone of tricking him.

Malcolm MacDonald, the last

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British governor of Kenya, summed up a good deal of opinion in the West when he affectionately described Kenyatta as "a wise old owl." This opinion has become so standard recently, in fact, that a searching answer is needed for the question: just how wise an owl has Kenyatta proved to be, now that he has ruled the roost for more than two years?

Much has been made of his firmness in dealing with Communist maneuverings and with the left wing of his own party. In a period of crisis last Easter, he got his (British) army commander to remove a large cache of arms from the basement of Vice President Oginga Odinga's office; rejected a shipment of Russian arms as obsolete (it was never clear who had originally asked for them); and then removed Odinga from leadership of the Kenya delegation to the Commonwealth Conference after the Vice President had said, "Communism is food to me." When Chou En-lai, visiting in neighboring Tanganyika, suggested that Africa was "ripe for revolution," Kenyatta promptly warned that his government would suppress revolution from any quarter, and a little later he deported a Chinese journalist said to have been dabbling in politics.

THE QUESTION is whether in all this Kenyatta and his closest Ministers, among them Tom Mboya and his own cousin Njoroge Mungai, the Defense Minister, have not aimed at the wrong target. Odinga is a tribal elder revered by most of the Luo, the traditional foe of Kenyatta's Kikuyu. He talks like a picturesque countryman rather than a convinced ideologist, and only turned to the East for funds when his main rival in the days before Kenyatta's release, his fellow Luo Tom Mboya, rose to power with the help of American trade unions. If he ever were to make an open bid for power, he would run into solid hostility from the two million Kikuyu, still resentful because the Luo moved into good city jobs while eighty thousand Kikuyu tribesmen were held in restriction during the emergency.

The greatest threat to Kenyatta's leadership comes from his own tribe. Bildad Kaggia, a striking little figure with darting eyes and a thick black beard, set out before the emergency to break the missionary power in a large district of Kikuyuland, and went on to carry the nationalist movement into a more militant phase than Kenyatta liked. Kenyatta reluctantly made him an assistant minister in 1963, and sacked him the following year. A year ago, Kaggia bid for wider power by starting courses for party officials at the Lumumba Institute, a school financed and partly staffed from Moscow. Kenyatta soon closed the Institute and it has not reopened. But despite Kenyatta's disapproval, Kaggia has his fervent followers among university students as well as among the landless, who cheer him as he demands free land rather than substantial long-term loans for all would-be settlers in the former White

Highlands, a ceiling on the number of acres any man may own, and a denial of further compensation to departing white farmers. Kaggia's demands also find a response among those who see abundant signs that Kenya's leaders are developing into a squirearchy removed from the people.

Tom Mboya, who as Minister for Economic Affairs has been the force behind the government's most comprehensive policy statement on planning, argues that the resettlement of the Highlands with $55 million in British aid is based more on British wishes than on what is good for Kenya. By this, he means that it has been more a rescue operation for nearly fifteen hundred white farmers than a plan to put thirty thousand smallholders on the land best suited to them or to develop African agriculture most profitably. He would like to use British funds to develop the tribal areas, where the policy statement claims the benefit would be six times as great. But even if he can persuade Britain to offer large new sums for this different objective, it will not have the spectacular impact of Kaggia's plan for resettling the White Highlands.

There is an appalling problem here: Kenya is heavily dependent on agriculture for its income, and three-quarters of the agricultural income is provided by the big farms. Do you then break up more big farms and harm the economy—the present grave shortage of corn is a danger signal—or do you replace white estate owners with African (or Asian) squires? Mboya's policy paper claims that "no class problem exists today among Africans." One will soon develop, however, for the compromise solution—an attempt at large-scale farming by means of African co-operatives—has not seen any success so far.

Moreover, despite widespread unemployment and Kenyatta's cry of "Back to the Land," the young men are bored with the prospect of life on the farm. (Kenyatta belongs to a yeoman generation; the first rush of African resettlement of Kikuyu lands in 1961 was to him a dream come true.) Eighty thousand Kenyan school graduates look for jobs each year, and the small chance they have of finding them is shown by the fact that a mere 130,000 Africans have found jobs in industry and commerce. One Cabinet Minister pointed out of his window to some men sitting idle and said to me: "These men eat grass. What can we do?"

A No-Party State

In 1963, when Mboya was secretary-general of the KANU Party, he became Minister for Justice and Constitutional Affairs and managed subtly to erode, partly by phased legislation, partly by persuasion of political opponents, the regionalist constitution imposed by opposition leaders at the time of independence—a constitution that was financially unworkable and served to institutionalize tribalism. When the main powers of the seven regions were transferred back

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to the central government, the KADU leaders, who controlled three of the regions, dissolved their opposition party. But instead of becoming a one-party state, Kenya has become a no-party state, and the disappearance of a need for party discipline has produced a parliamentary free-for-all.

Party elections were overdue when last year an effort was begun to hold fresh elections at branch and district levels. The tribal and personal rivalries that emerged demonstrate the government's difficulty in mobilizing the people through the party. Kaggia, in trying to revitalize KANU through teaching programs, was performing a much-needed task, even if the Lumumba Institute itself was suspect.

Inevitably, one is drawn to contrast the situation with that in neighboring Tanzania, where President Julius Nyerere has laid great emphasis on the party as the source of progress. In 1962, before the union with Zanzibar, he faced the same problem of party deterioration. In an attempt to reinvigorate the party, he resigned as Prime Minister of Tanganyika for a year and toured the country continuously, talking to officials at every level, and, more important perhaps, considering how democracy can be maintained in a one-party state. As a result, the Tanzania elections held last September were a model of democratic practice.

IN CONTRAST to the failure of the Lumumba Institute, Tanzania has an adult-education college at Kivukoni of high reputation, set up with pennies collected around the villages and benefiting a wide group of Tanzanians—party workers, trade unionists, and teachers. And while Mboya's policy paper, for all its common sense, is considered by many Kenyans an alien document (Kaggia has led criticism that it was complicated by "imperialist experts" in Mboya's ministry), the Tanzanian Five-Year Plan represents a personal effort at betterment by thousands of countrymen. Its ambitious goal of grouping one million people into new settlements by 1980 may or may not be attained. But it starts with a cleaner slate and fewer inherited problems than the Kenya resettlement program.

Kenya possesses some advantages over Tanzania; it enjoys a more developed economy, the central position in East African trading (jeopardized somewhat by the breaking up of the common currency next June), a larger number of trained administrators and graduates, and many energetic people besides. Tanzania may have appalling problems of poverty, enormous obstacles to basic development (from tsetse-fly infestation onwards), and nagging political headaches, but at least it has a system, which works to the point of inspiring the people with aims and ideals.

President Kenyatta has won tremendous respect for a lifetime of championing his people's claims. He has set a sincere example of nonracialism that helped carry Kenya through the first awkward stage of racial fears and suspicions, though there are two submerged minority problems he has tackled only superficially—those of Kenya's 175,000 Asians and of its 200,000 Somalis who would like to secede to the Somali Republic.

Kenyatta's achievement is considerable, but it is in danger of crumbling, because the foundations of the new state have not been dug deeply. Without a system and with no clear line of succession, everything depends on one man's prestige to hold Kenya steady. And Kenyatta, who has that prestige, is now well into his seventies.

Our 'Model T' Copyright Law

ERWIN KNOLL

THE brave new world of automatic data processing, the frantic ululations of jukeboxes, the meager royalties on which poets live, the profits earned by publishers—these disparate elements and many more confront a House Judiciary subcommittee these days as it attempts to bring the nation's archaic copyright law up to date. Financial, artistic, and educational interests are energetically pressing their views on Congress, mindful of the fact that the law now on the books dates back to 1909—the first model year of the "T" Ford—and that revisions made this year may stand unchanged for the next half century.

A draft bill prepared by Abraham L. Kaminstein, the Register of Copyrights in the Library of Congress, is now pending before the House subcommittee and its counterpart in the Senate. In fifty-four intricate sections, the bill would strengthen and lengthen the protection afforded authors and publishers and would take into account technological advances, from videotape to xerographic copying machines, that were undreamed of when the law was last overhauled. But certain aspects of it have aroused extreme controversy. By introducing royalty requirements, the bill would cramp the style of the booming jukebox and community-antenna television industries. And in the view of thirty-five education organizations banded together as the Ad Hoc Committee on Copyright Law Revision, it would cripple schools by limiting the access of teachers and students to copyrighted materials.

Copyright law has been a matter of concern and controversy since the founding of the Republic. The Constitution provides, in Section 8 of Article I, that Congress may "promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." Acting on this authority, the First Congress passed the Copyright Act of 1790 "for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." The law was revised in 1831, 1870, and 1909, and there is unanimous agreement that another overhaul is long past due. A thorough revision was first proposed in 1924, and has been under active study for more than a decade now.

"As Librarian of Congress," L. Quincy Mumford told the House subcommittee last year, "I am confronted daily with what are now be-

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ing called the information explosion and the communications explosion. It is obvious to me that these revolutionary developments carry with them a profound challenge to creative endeavor, and that our antiquated copyright law must be revised to meet this challenge. The longer this task is delayed the harder it will be to accomplish, and the more serious will be the loss for future generations."

RARELY has a bill been the subject of such intensive study as has gone into the proposed copyright revision. Starting in 1955, when Congress authorized the Copyright Office to begin work on a new law, Kaminstein and his predecessor as Register, the late Arthur Fisher, held countless discussions with authors, publishers, and consumers in an effort "to strike a fair balance," as the Register's report for 1961 observed, "between the author's right to control the dissemination of his works and the public interest in fostering their widest dissemination." Nonetheless, when a first draft prepared by Kaminstein was introduced "for discussion purposes" in the Eighty-eighth Congress, it encountered a storm of criticism. The Ad Hoc Committee called it "an educational catastrophe," and many of its provisions came under fierce attack.

A second draft is pending which meets many of the critics' objections. In House hearings last year, more than 160 witnesses testified, filling about 2,300 pages with oral transcripts; and another 150 submitted written statements running to some 1,600 pages. This record, newly indexed and printed, is before the subcommittee as it attempts to produce a final draft. (The Senate, which has held only limited hearings, is not expected to act until the House has passed a bill.)

A key provision of the proposed measure, one that has encountered relatively little opposition, would extend the duration of a copyright—now twenty-eight years plus a twenty-eight-year renewal—to cover the life of an author plus fifty years. The present renewal system, Kaminstein points out, "is a nightmare of complexity and . . . frequently results in the inadvertent loss of protection." The proposed term would bring American copyright law into line with the system prevalent in other countries. "Life expectancy has increased by more than twenty years since 1909," Kaminstein has observed. "More and more authors find their early works falling into the public domain during their life, at the very time when they need them most to provide for their old age and for their dependents."

Another important change would for the first time incorporate into the law a reference to the doctrine of "fair use" which the courts have evolved over the years to permit reasonable enforcement. The letter of the present law rigidly bars the making of copies of copyrighted material without permission of the owner—a proscription obviously violated many times each day especially by the news media. Justice Joseph Story, in an 1841 decision, laid down the guidelines for fair use when he wrote: "In short, we must often, in deciding questions of this sort, look to the nature and objects of the selections made, the quantity and value of the materials used, and the degree to which the use may prejudice the sale, or diminish the profits, or supersede the objects of the original work." Under the fair-use doctrine, the courts have arrived at generally accepted standards of permissible "infringement"—quotations, for example, used in reviews and criticism. In permitting fair use, the draft revision makes no attempt to define the term—a task that Kaminstein believes would be best left to the courts to judge on the basis of individual cases.

Some Specific Problems

Among major copyright issues still unresolved are these:

¶ Should jukebox operators be required to pay royalties each time their machines play a copyrighted record? The present law provides a complete exemption for the juke-boxes, which the draft revision would eliminate. The jukebox entrepreneurs contend that the requirement would put them at the mercy of the "huge performing rights organizations," ASCAP and Broadcast Music, Inc. Even more sobering is the prospect raised in the New York *Times* that the change "might cut jukebox profits to tavern owners, who might compensate for this by raising the price of beer."

¶ On another sector of the Tin Pan Alley front, should the fee for compulsory record licensing be raised? Under the present law, the copyright owner of a musical work, once he has permitted its use in a recording, must permit anyone else to record the work upon paying a specified royalty. Since 1909 that royalty has been two cents a pressing. The draft revision would raise the amount to three cents or one cent per minute of recording, whichever is higher. The proposed increase, Kaminstein now believes, "may well be more than the industry can afford to pay in the light of present conditions."

¶ Should the copyright protection now granted to composers be extended to performers and producers for the actual "sound recording"—that is, for the manner in which a piece of music is interpreted? Kaminstein sees merit in the idea, but believes that its chances of enactment are "so remote as to be nonexistent."

¶ Should community-antenna television systems be liable for the use of copyrighted material in commercial broadcasts they retransmit? The courts and the Federal Communications Commission are grappling with the murky problem of CATV operations. The new copyright bill would extend protection to material being retransmitted by CATV.

MANY MILLIONS of dollars in royalty payments are at stake, and the interested parties have not been diffident in pressing their conflicting claims before Congress. By far the most intensive pressure, however, has come from the educators, who have no personal financial stake in the legislation. Represented on the Ad Hoc Committee are such nationally influential organizations as the American Council on Education, the Council of Chief State School Officers, and the National Education Association and many of its affiliates, as well as more specialized groups such as the American Association of Teachers of Chinese Language and Culture and the New Jersey Art Education Association. The National Catholic Welfare Conference and the National Catho-

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lic Educational Association are also represented, and Harold E. Wigren, an NEA consultant on educational television who serves as chairman of the Ad Hoc Committee, proudly describes it "one of the most outstanding examples of the ecumenical spirit in all educational history."

What brought about all this ecumenicity is the educators' conviction that the new copyright law proposed by Kaminstein "is weighted heavily on the side of the author-producer and has extended his rights immeasurably while further restricting the rights of the consumer-user." Specifically, the Ad Hoc Committee is alarmed by the draft revision's failure to draw a general distinction —as the present law does—between commercial and noncommercial uses of copyrighted materials. "Teachers," Wigren claims, "serve the public in a nonprofit enterprise. They use materials for the benefit of students and not for their commercial gain." Therefore, the committee proposes that the new law should include broad discretion for educational institutions and organizations to use and reproduce material from copyrighted works without seeking permission, paying royalties, or incurring penalties.

In Congressional testimony and materials widely disseminated among educators, the Ad Hoc Committee has produced examples of educational practices that might constitute "potential infringements" under the proposed law—a teacher's reproduction of maps and charts from newspapers for classroom use, a photocopy of a poem for choral recitation, a citation of a poem on a duplicated examination form, and a tape recording of a high-school orchestra's performance for purposes of self-evaluation. "If the bill now being considered by the committee is passed in its present form," Wigren asserts, "many teachers will refrain from practices that constitute superior teaching rather than take the chance of incurring a violation."

The Publishers' Case

The Ad Hoc Committee's arguments have met with a cool response from the Copyright Office and with undisguised hostility from the publishing industry. George D. Cary, Deputy Register of Copyrights, told the House subcommittee last year: "If schools are permitted to make copies freely of copyrighted educational materials for the reproduction of which they would otherwise be expected to obtain permission, the economic incentive of authors and publishers of such materials could be seriously diminished."

The American Book Publishers Council and the American Textbook Publishers Institute have been less restrained in their reaction to the educators' arguments. In a detailed rebuttal of the Ad Hoc Committee's testimony, the publishers declared: "This is not a Communist state. Just as buildings, desks, and teachers' services are paid for, so should the use of authors' works be paid for."

The publishers contend that many of the examples cited by Wigren are specifically covered by the draft bill's exception for use of copyrighted materials in direct classroom instruction. Others, it is argued, would be exempted under any reasonable interpretation of "fair use." Still others are not now, and should not be, legitimately excused from application of copyright protection. No teacher, the publishers note, has ever been sued for infringement of copyright because of using published materials for the classroom.

For the publishers, the argument revolves around urgent economic considerations. It is not only the huge textbook industry that is concerned; half of the market for such trade books as juveniles, novels, and biographies lies in schools and related institutions. Behind the publishers' concern lie two technological advances that confront the industry with grave difficulties—the proliferation of photocopying devices and the development of cheaper and more accessible systems for storing and retrieving information. In both of these areas, the problem is not so much what is being done—publishers concede that they know of few abuses—but what may happen as a result of further innovation.

The photocopying machines, which produced about ten billion copies in 1965 and, according to projections by officers of Xerox, will reach twenty-five billion copies in 1969, are already in substantial use in the schools. Publishers fear that the machines' low cost and ease of operation will encourage teachers to hold down book purchases by making copies of extracts and even entire texts. More remote but potentially even more significant is the use of automated information systems that store copyrighted material on microfilm or magnetic tape and print out excerpts or whole volumes on demand. By linking such systems with modern telecommunications, a whole network of schools or libraries could be furnished with virtually simultaneous copies of a work. And, in fact, a few colleges have already instituted arrangements to pool their library resources by linking computer systems.

"All of these devices," says Lee C. Deighton, chairman of the board of the Macmillan Company, "are designed to make one copy of a book do where one hundred have been used before. Publishers and authors do not oppose the advance of technology. They are not even regretful about it. They simply want payment for use of their materials so that they can keep on producing them."

CONGRESS has little appetite for settling the dispute between educators and publishers with a solution that would incur the wrath of either side. When the House hearings were concluded last fall, members of the subcommittee expressed hope that the months of Congressional adjournment would be used to work out a compromise—perhaps a code of fair practice operating apart from the law, or an annual licensing system operated through a joint publisher-educator clearinghouse. Publishers are interested in both approaches, but the educators' view remains: "Why should we have to pay for materials usage that is in the public interest?"

"It's a silly business," a House Judiciary Committee aide commented last month. "The publishers need the teachers and the teachers need the publishers. God knows the standards in the draft law are imprecise, but a publisher would have to be insane to sue a teacher for infringement. Sooner or later, they'll just have to work it out." Until they do, the Copyright Act of 1909, riddled with loopholes and anachronisms, is apt to stay on the books.

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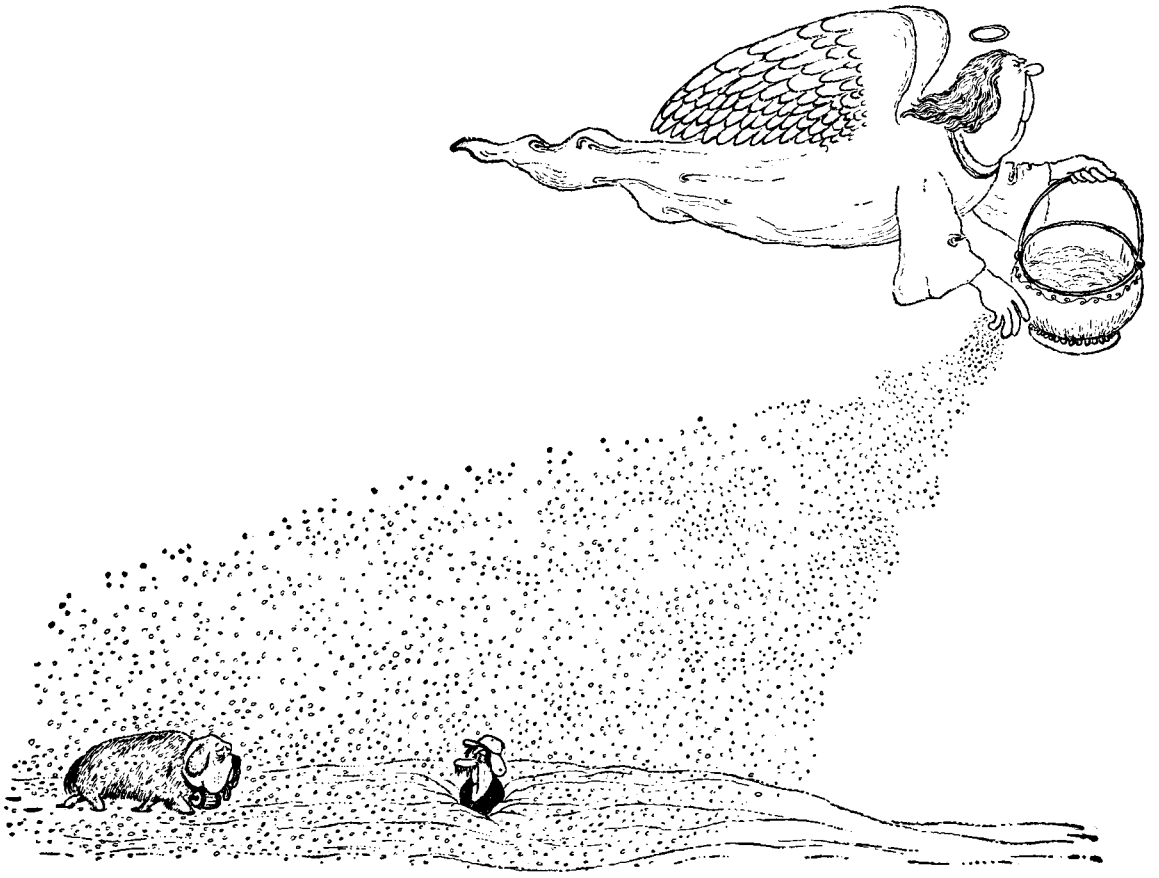

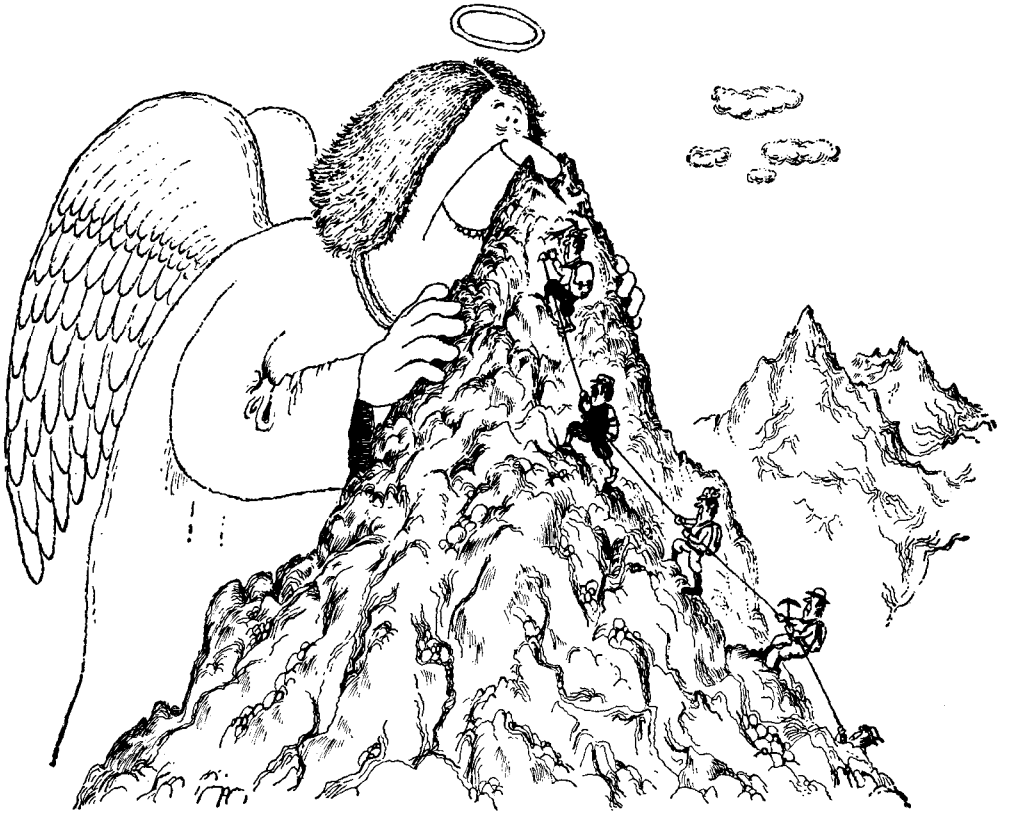

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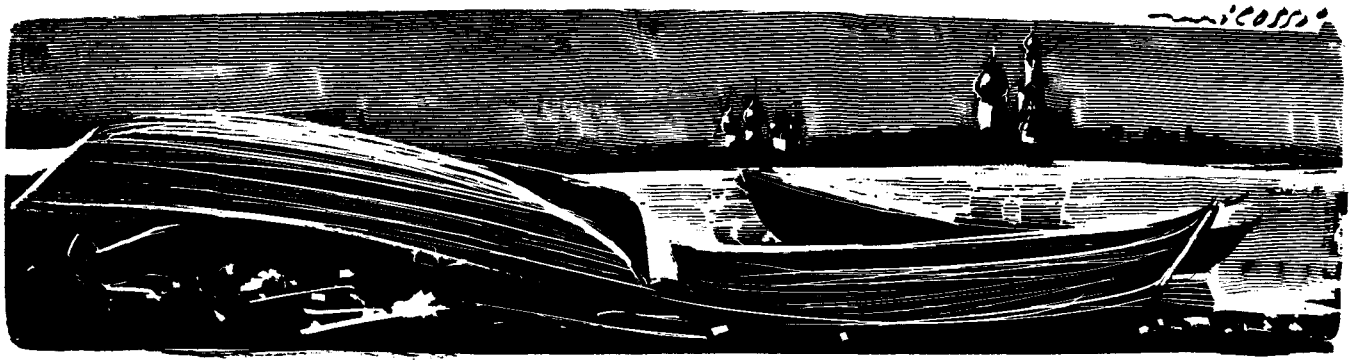

The Truth Is Winter

EUGENE S. STAPLES

"NASHA RUSSKAYA ZIMA!" With what pride the Russians say it: "Our Russian Winter!" Winter bestrides the Russian land and shapes the Russian character. The harshness of its rule is not only tolerated but respected and even loved. For men love strength and seek clarity in their lives; there is no clearer, stronger statement of the seasons than a Russian winter.

Here is neither thaw nor slush, drizzle nor fog. This is elemental force and beauty: clear white forms, forests stark, black coats and boots, the stillness of extreme cold, the shock of frozen air in nostrils and lungs.

The months of summer, with their wildflowers in the marshes and the long, electric, light-diffused nights, and golden, melancholy autumn pass quickly. In truth they are a dream; the reality is winter. Tatyana fell in love with Eugene Onegin in the summer. But in the snows, Onegin killed Lenski, and in the Petersburg winter, Tatyana spurned Onegin.

In the curious way it has of helping men bring form into their lives, history helped the Russian Bolsheviks to shape the festive year. It simply happened that the October Revolution took place in November; Lenin did not plan it that way. Nor did the Russian Communists have anything to do with the bloody events of May of 1886 in Chicago. But these two dates—the November 7 Revolution (or October 25 by the old Russian calendar) and the May 1 workers' holiday—mark the beginning and end of winter in the Soviet Union, and constitute the main feast days of the Communist world religion.

By the calendar, November 7 in Moscow is still autumn. But sprawled across the plain of the Moscow River under the shadow of the Sparrow Hills, the bedecked and bannered city smells winter in the air and is ready. The snow-cleaning equipment is oiled, the vast central-heating conduits are at work, citizens have donned fur hats and black overcoats, river and canal traffic slows to a halt, and sweepers prepare the great parks—Gorky, Sokolniki, Luzhniki—for winter skaters.

For weeks the city has lain awake listening to the monstrous roar of the tanks and the missile carriers as the troops go through the weird midnight practices for the great parade, observed mainly by curious foreign military attachés and newspapermen. Portraits of the party leaders, set out in super life size at strategic intersections throughout the city, are carefully checked by one and all for order of precedence. *Pravda* publishes its greetings and slogans for the holiday, and all note in what order the Chinese, Albanians, and Yugoslavs appear and how the salutations are phrased.

On the day of the great parade, the elite of this enormous colonial empire congregate in Red Square, fur-collared and muffed, hung with cameras, joyful or resentful, to watch the rulers display their armed might. The eight-hundred-man military band blares. The aging colonels, fifty-year-old legs straining against accumulating fat and tiring muscle, goose-step across the red bricks at the head of their elegant young officers. The goose step grows higher in inverse proportion to age, and the boy cadets goose-step with a snap, like frightening marionettes. The Kremlin guns boom their salute, pigeons explode in fright from the Kremlin heights, and in climax, across the square snarl the wicked tanks and missile carriers.

After the military, drab workers, poor-looking in contrast to the gleaming, burnished soldiers and machines, crowd into the square for the peaceful part of the parade. The foreign guests promptly go home. At mid-afternoon, the city gives itself up to the mild revelry that Communist mores encourage. Throughout the city, in tiny crowded apartments and tenements, family parties and friends get together to eat heavily of smoked fish and birds, sour cream and cabbage, expensive chocolate candy and oranges, and to get mildly or uproariously drunk on sweet wine, vodka, and Armenian brandy.

THEN in late November comes the quiet time: the great continental Arctic air mass presses down on the

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plain: the thermometer drops and drops: one day out of a colorless sky dry snow sifts down. Suddenly, the sky clears: the sunlight sparkles, the air fractures in one's lungs, it is ten degrees below zero centigrade, and all are gloriously happy. *"Kak Khorosho!"* says the embassy chauffeur. "There is nothing like Our Russian Winter."

As the snow sifts down and piles up and the days grow shorter, life falls into winter routine. The adults go about their work, clad in the universal black of Russian winter. The older children rise in the dark to walk in the bitter cold to the red-brick schools, boys huddled in gray tunics and black coats, the girls in brown dresses and black aprons. Little ones, bundled into imitation fur coats and hats, swaddled in rough wool shawls and scarves, booted and mittened, are sent off to the parks with Grandmother. The gardens of the ruined monasteries and the simple city parks are never lifeless during the winter day. The old people walk slowly, hands clasped behind their backs, talking guardedly about ancient tragedies or present sickness. Children ski on stubby staves or ride wooden sleds behind doting grandparents.

At night, the young crowd the great skating rinks. At Gorky Park, across the river from downtown Moscow, the authorities close the park and spray the miles of footpaths and roads. Skaters fly down the glittering paths, their shouts and laughter frozen in the black air, or cut solitary arabesques on the ice above the river landing. Saturday afternoons and Sunday, thousands of citizens crowd onto commuter trains to the outskirts of the city to set off along ski trails through the forests. This is cross-country skiing, more accurately called "running on skis" in the northern countries—on skis with no heel attachment. Great cross-country skiers, the Russians are terrible downhill, though their lack of skill never slows them down. Indeed, Sunday-morning downhill skiing at the Sparrow (Lenin) Hills below Moscow University is a hair-raising and often bone-crushing experience as young bloods demonstrate Slavic sang-froid and fatalism.

For the few foreigners resident in Moscow, winter is welcome. The "silly season," as American embassy people describe summer, with all the tourists and official visitors, is past. One gets down to the serious business of life: the children are at school; the heavy season of diplomatic work and official entertaining begins; the Moscow concert and theatre season, which starts in September, enters its serious phase.

The thing to do in the Moscow winter, old hands agree, is to hear the music at the Conservatory—Oistrakh, Rostropovich, Gilels, Richter. Unfortunately, the ballet is overrated and somewhat decadent. The famed Moscow dramatic theatres are starved for playwrights after fifty years of political censorship. Chekhov is great but musty. The real Soviet intellectuals go only to concerts and movies. "Have you seen such and such a play?" one asks a Soviet writer. "My dear fellow," he says, pleased with his answer, "I have not been to the theatre in ten years."

IN MIDWINTER the great Russian city lives intensely in its frosts, the dull red sun hanging like pop art sculpture low in the mists over Red Square and frost flakes drifting down out of the moonlit calm. But

even city-loving Russians are never freed of the blandishments of the Russian countryside. Ivan Bunin wrote: "Russian man . . . primevally subjected to natural influences." Those Russians who can, escape Moscow for part of the winter to the great or small dachas clustered about the city.

Dacha means a country house. There are many summer dachas. But only a few thousand lucky citizens of Moscow, beneficiaries of party or government position, talent, or graft, have access to year-round dachas with central heating. These favored ones flee to the countryside in the dead of winter, and there listen to the ancient heartbeat of Russian life.

One night under the frozen moon, we drove out from Moscow with a poet and a short-story writer to a dacha in a slumbering village, snow piled to the eaves. Winter reared awesome white shapes all around. The air crackled with the cold, and the champagne cooled in five minutes in the snow. We sat and argued politics and writing for hours in front of a log fire, and when we left, crunching and squeaking through the superdried snow, the mighty winter night embraced us with stunning cold.

The two heaters in our Volkswagen labored to keep us warm during the twenty miles back to the city. Behind thick doors and frosted glass, with cotton and rags stuffed in the cracks, the city slept underground in its burrow. We passed no one but an occasional solitary Volga cab, streaming exhaust into the icy night as its green taxi light disappeared into the trackless city.

The poet said that Americans damage Soviet writers when they report on intimate conversations, and that if Americans want to further the cause of liberalism they should shut up about it. I said I agreed in part but not entirely, and that in any case there was little I could do about it.

LATER, at the end of winter, when the poet came to the embassy one day with a friend, also a short-story writer, he repeated his argument. Then he forgot his train of thought when he saw our receptionist.

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"Who is that beautiful blonde creature?" the poet asked eagerly.

"That is the daughter of S_____, our _____ officer," I replied. (This was a young American girl, indeed blonde and beautiful, working part-time during a visit to her parents.)

"My friend [the short story writer] has just fallen in love with her," said the poet. "Can you arrange something?"

"No," I said, "you know damn well I can't." Such is the fate of American-Soviet understanding. . . .

The American embassy's dacha lies north from Moscow on the trunk road to the great monastery at Zagorsk. According to legend, it belonged to Stalin's son, the hard-drinking Red Air Force officer whose carousing and wenching were once the scandal of Moscow and who disappeared without trace or tears after his father's death. A huge old stucco mansion, isolated in a pine grove and eminently suited to orgies, it now houses more proper pursuits, mainly unraveling the nerves of embassy wives escaping with or from their children and the cramped quarters of Moscow apartments. In winter, my wife and I used to pack a knapsack of garlicky Russian sausage, Danish cheese, and *stolichnaya* vodka and ski back from the dacha into the snowy woods, pushing along silent trails to find a solitary clearing with an old log to sit on at lunchtime. The low winter sun, the delight of the lungs in the sparkling air, the taste of the sausage and cheese, the frozen jolt of the vodka—these are the purest of pleasures.

But come March and April, and old Moscow grows visibly tired, gray, sullen, and malevolent, the very skin drawn back from the cold and the long nocturnal darknesses. It seems it will never end. The frost, which in December joyfully snapped one awake, in March hits dully like an awaited blow. Snow piles high, dirty, disgusting. People plod, faces turned down to the brown, dirty sidewalks. Around the ring roads, hundreds of dirty green trucks clank and grumble along in second gear, belching nauseous black smoke and losing large metal parts. Skiers and skaters sit morosely at home. Every concert has been heard, the theatre is out of the question, the news is all bad.

One day, a soft breeze steals into the capital; the ice begins to break on the river; thaw begins. It will shake the earth.

Pushkin, writing about his beloved Petersburg and the Neva, said: "The river threw itself like a wild beast on the city." In Moscow, the little river is banked and chained with concrete. But around Moscow the waters flood the lowlands and turn the villages into seas of icy water and mud.

Surrounded, oppressed, enamored of the forces of nature, the Russians think and express themselves in allegorical and symbolic terms in a manner disappearing from the more sophisticated West. Freeze and thaw are thus the accurate clichés of the political life of Russia.

The first anti-Stalin novel was Ilya Ehrenburg's *The Thaw*. The greatest thaw scene ever filmed occupies ten minutes of *Clear Skies*, the first anti-Stalin film shown on Soviet screens. Thousands of tons of ice irresistibly and majestically thunder down a northern river to symbolize the end of the Stalin winter, the beginning of the Khrushchev spring. Well . . . One can argue whether spring really came—or how far it advanced.

Strolling along the embankment of the Moscow River on a sunny, chilly day in April, shortly after the last ice floes had gone off downstream, I watched two workers strip down to their black drawers and dive into the brown waters. (The river in the city is not inviting at its summer best.)

"Hey, Ivan," shouted a passerby. "*S'uma soshol ty?*" "Have you gone off your rocker?"

"*Nyet!*" shouted Vanya, image of Russian daring. "*Vyesna Prishla.*" "Spring has come."

Across the great northern land, spring finally does come: marsh flowers, groves budding round the villages, the sky increasingly high, wide, light; birds returning to the belfries of ruined churches, the great religious celebration of the rebirth of life: Russian Easter; Passover; Soviet May Day.

The Orthodox. The Jews. The Communists.

The Innocent Eye

HENNIG COHEN

Frances B. Johnston, a photographer of great sensitivity, recorded some of the finest period pieces of the turn of the century: the Columbian Exposition, Admiral Dewey's triumphal voyage back from Manila Bay, mansions built by McKim, Mead & White and decorated by Elsie de Wolfe, hazardous mining conditions in the Pennsylvania coal fields, and the public educational system of Washington, D.C. For the Paris Exposition of 1900, she was commissioned to prepare a display on Hampton Institute, an industrial and normal school for Negroes and Indians founded shortly after the Civil War. Forty-four photographs from this exhibit are presently being shown at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. They radiate such innocence and good hope that they make me want to cry.

Miss Johnston composed her pictures deftly and used the clear wintry atmosphere of tidewater Virginia to advantage. Platinum prints permitted her considerable tonal range. But it is not her technical nor even her aesthetic accomplishments that give the photographs their poignancy. It is her earnest portrayal of a viewpoint so different from her own.

Her camera eye reveals a world of simple faith in the religion of the better mousetrap. Be useful and you will be needed, appreciated, loved. Every man can make his own way through his own efforts. Success is a reward for virtue and a sign of grace. The greater the odds, the greater the glory.

In 1900, Booker T. Washington, Hampton class of 1875, a black Horatio Alger who raised himself up from slavery, was preaching the business ethic as the sole way to salvation. Soon he was to be accused by W. E. B. Du Bois of seeking economic opportunity for the Negro

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at the expense of his vote, civil rights, and higher education. Du Bois's position has prevailed, but when Miss Johnston took her pictures, Booker T. Washington was, in Du Bois's words, "the most distinguished Southerner since Jefferson Davis, and the one with the largest personal following."

WASHINGTON was famous basically because he was so effective an advocate of the kinds of industrial training programs established at Hampton in 1868 by General Samuel Chapman Armstrong—and of all that such programs implied. Armstrong, the former commander of a Negro regiment and head of the Freedmen's Bureau for northeastern Virginia, was the son of New England missionary parents who sought to civilize the natives of Hawaii. For many years his father was Minister of Public Instruction and in charge of some five hundred native schools. These schools emphasized manual

training and the training of teachers. To Armstrong, "the emancipation, enfranchisement, and Christian civilization of a dark-skinned Polynesian people in many respects like the Negro race" provided guidelines for the Hampton experiment.

Before going forth from Hampton to found a similar institution at Tuskegee, Washington had charge of a dormitory for Indian boys. The integration problem was knotty because the Indians considered themselves superior to Negroes *and* whites, and Washington was forced to define civilization for the Indians in the white man's terms. He stated matters more acidly than was his custom: ". . . no white American ever thinks that any other race is wholly civilized until he wears the white man's clothes, eats the white man's food, speaks the white man's language, and professes the white man's religion." But the calm surface of life at Hampton Institute in 1900, as Miss Johnston's camera reveals it, remained unruffled.

Miss Johnston evolved a pattern of progression in her photographs by contrasting the past with the present and focusing on the promise of the future, a progression that reflected Hampton's educational philosophy. "The Old Folks at Home" (the catalogue gives the original captions) shows an aged couple having their simple meal at a rude table in a humble cabin. The old woman wears an apron and has a bandanna on her head. The old man eats from a tin plate. In contrast, "A Hampton Graduate at home" shows a fashionably dressed family in a well-appointed dining room. The table glistens with fresh napery, china, crystal, and silver. Portly and dignified, the paterfamilias has paused for a moment before serving the plates stacked neatly in front of him. His wife, in taffeta and lace, looks mildly at the soup tureen, and his three handsome children wait with a courtesy and patience that shows they are to the manner born.

"The old-time cabin" and "A Hampton Graduate's home" are an outdoor version of the same. On the bare ground beside the cabin door sits an aged woman in a rickety rocking chair. Her husband is splitting wood. A wooden laundry tub from which a washboard protrudes, an earthenware jug, and a nondescript dog are in evidence. The ground is strewn with corn husks, chips, and the weedy debris of winter. The Hampton graduate's house is square, stolid, spacious, and in an excellent state of repair. Two little girls in white pinafores are posed with their bicycles on the neatly trimmed lawn.

"The old well" and "The improved well" state the contrast even more blatantly. About the old well, the ground is untidy to the point of contamination. The bucket at the end of the wellsweep is battered and the sweep itself is splintered and worn. In the foreground is a rotted watering trough hewn from a log. A woman in a dirty apron waits with three rather crusty-looking children, their hair plaited in corn rows. In the distance, behind the dilapidated picket fence, there is a privy. At the improved well, our two little maids in pinafores

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(the camera is close enough to show that their hair is carefully done in single braids) wait with a bucket by a splendid new pump. The ground is grassy and raked clean, the picket fence freshly painted.

THE BULK of the photographs show how Hampton offered a path to felicity through cleanliness, docility, and steady application. One device Miss Johnston uses is to trace the progression from kindergarten through graduate work. In "Saluting the Flag at the Whittier Primary School" (inevitably, the Quaker poet was a patron of the Institute), tiny children are massed at dawn into a phalanx, arms extended stiffly toward the banner and the distant horizon. "The Post-graduate Class of 1900," grouped with its teachers

on the front steps by the rosebushes, faces the future with dignity and assurance.

Hygiene assumes an almost ritualistic importance. The kindergarten children work away at toy laundry tubs and ironing boards; men in immaculate coveralls tend spotless cows, test the milk, and mold the butter. And yet everything seems so lacking in initiative and joy. No one is seen smiling or alone. Everyone appears so grateful to be doing what he should be doing. Uniforms abound—the striped aprons of the tinsmiths and shoemakers, the turtleneck sweatshirts of the football team, the regimentals of the cadet corps. The same earnestness, blurring of identity, and yearning to do the proper thing come through in many of the schoolroom scenes. The children in the primary grades sit with their hands folded together on

When I finished reading my local newspaper that evening and turned to the Monitor, what a surprise I got!

You see, I had never read the Monitor before, although I'd certainly heard of its reputation. I knew that no paper in the world was more respected. Maybe that's what scared me off. I think I felt the Monitor might be kind of stuffy and high-brow and hard to read.

But that evening I felt like reading an extra newspaper to help keep me company while my wife was out shopping and picked up a copy on the way home from work.

I'm thankful I did. Because the Monitor showed me I hadn't read *half* of the news that day. And the part I *had* read was probably the less interesting part! It was almost hard to believe that the Monitor wasn't talking about some *other* day, perhaps in the future!

Here was a late story on new tensions in Africa. And new word on the Chinese-Russian split. And a story on the Republicans' secret plans for the next Presidential election — why had I missed that one before? And here in the sports section was a witty story on major league spring training.

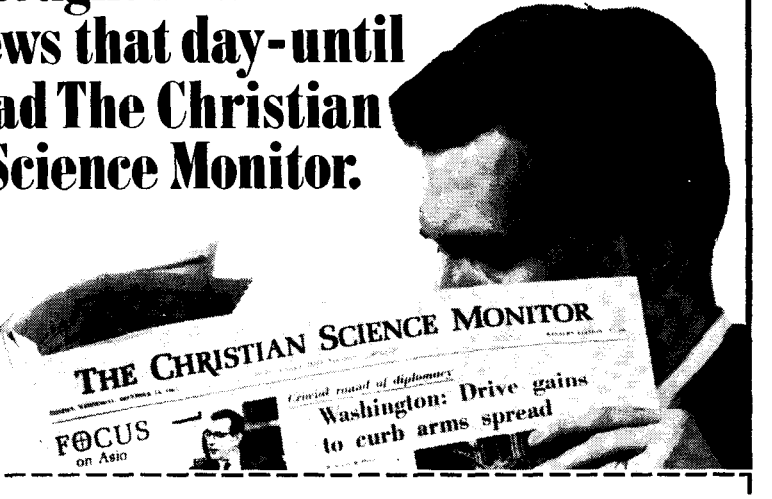
The Monitor is *easy* to read. Of course, it always treats me as an intelligent adult. But you don't have to be an expert on anything to read it — because the Monitor always *explains*.

And my wife also likes the way it deals with fashions and entertainment.

Throughout this newspaper is news that we read with real interest.

We're still taking our local paper, because it provides good coverage of the news around here. But we wouldn't be without our Monitor — we're the kind of people who hate to miss anything.

I thought I had read the news that day-until I read The Christian Science Monitor.



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the top of their desks. Cadets study the poetry of Whittier with their hands placed on their knees in a uniform manner. In the geography class, each student holds a globe in his left hand and a pencil aimed at the same spot on the globe in his right. In the mechanical-drawing class, students stand in rows at their drafting boards, compasses poised in the right hand at identical angles. The uniform position of the hands becomes a metaphor of acquiescence.

In an effort to obtain public support during its first years, two teachers wrote a book called *Hampton and Its Students*. An appendix featured "fifty cabin and plantation songs," and a stanza from one of them was printed on the title page:

"I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher,
I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher,
I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher:
Den my little soul's gwine to shine, shine,
Oh! den my little soul's gwine to shine along."

IF ALL OF THIS seems dated and much of it pathetic, if we see Frances Johnston's photographs differently from the way she saw them, we must still ask the question: Was there any other way in 1900? The Supreme Court decision of 1896 in *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* established the separate but equal rule, and the Virginia legislature had just responded by passing a Jim Crow law applying to passengers on the railroads. Lynchings still occurred at the rate of more than a hundred a year in the nation, and one out of every five people in Virginia was illiterate.

On the way out of the museum I happened to notice several panels from another documentary series, Jacob Lawrence's "Migration of the Negro," done in 1941-1942. They are small paintings of stylized figures in flat, bright colors. Melodramatic, they have such titles as "They Were Very Poor," "In the North the Negro Had Better Educational Facilities," and "One of the Worst Race Riots Occurred in East St. Louis." I had never much cared for them before, but this time I found them comforting.

Acropolis: 200 Drachmae

the soft *quem quam* will be Scops the Owl
conjugation of nouns, a line of enquiry,
powdery stubble of the socratic prison
laurels crackle like parchment in the wind.
who walks here in the violet dust at night
by the tower of the winds and water-clocks?
tapers smoke upon open coffins
surely the shattered pitchers must one day
revive in the hush of marble breathing up?
call again softly, and again.
the fresh spring empties like a human vein
no children spit on their reflected faces
but from the blazing souk below the passive smells
bread urine cooking printing-ink
will tell you what the sullen races think
and among the tombs gnawing of the mandolines
confounding sleep with dusty carnage where
strangers may still arrive like sleepy gods
dismount at nightfall at desolate inns.

Apteros

Sky star-engraved, the Pleiads up,
Autumn's old ikonography
In falling fruit and turning sea,
The whole incised within a drinking-cup,
The crater of our heaven burns
Recovering all she gave
Into the cooling ground returns
Fruit, star and promiscuous wave
Dying by the universal variable
To scribble on a tomb our scope
Whose natural history gave
To the kisses of caryatids which lean
With broken boxers' noses there
Year after summer year
On armatures of lead.
"How much will time replace?"
"How much exempt in us?" we plead . . .
Cracked smile of marble mouth,
Starred emblem of a stone embrace.

—LAWRENCE DURRELL

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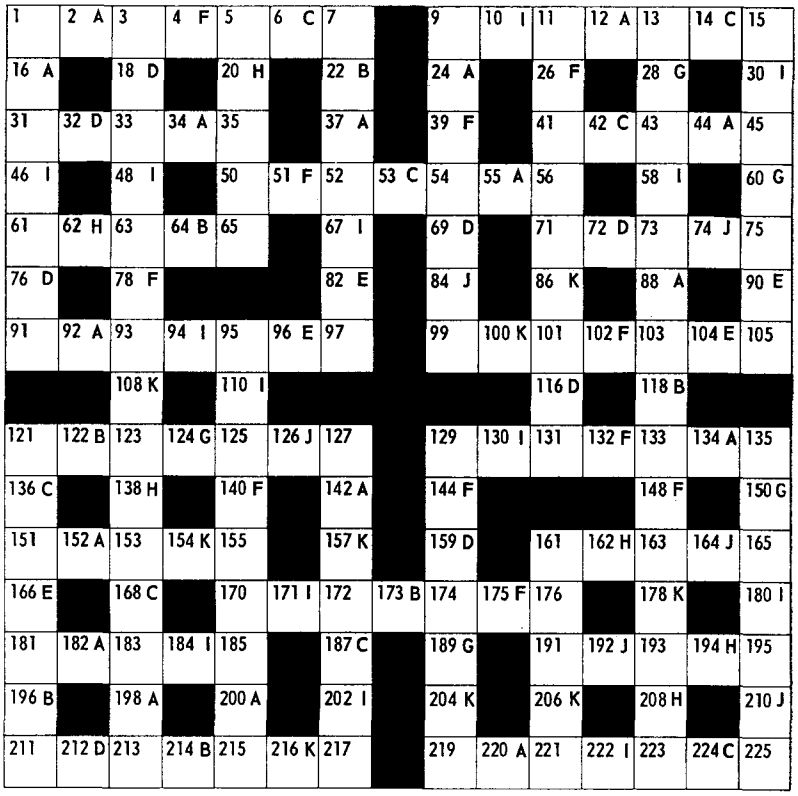
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No.142

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym, the other a pun, anagram, or play on words
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person the Acrostician.



A
92 24 55 2 134 16 182 34 12 198 88

152 37 220 142 200 44 State of the accused before the law (8,9).

B
64 196 214 122 173 118 22 "Listen, _____—/ How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves." Matthew Arnold, "Philomela."

C
187 224 14 168 42 136 53 6 Japanese place of entertainment.

D
18 69 72 116 32 159 212 76 Growing close to the ground.

E
96 82 166 90 104 Detection device.

F
26 4 140 148 78 175 132 102 51 39

144 With which the Cowardly Lion bounded on Dorothy (7,4).

G
60 124 28 150 189 "Farewell the plumed _____and the big wars." Shakespeare, "Othello."

H
138 20 62 162 194 208 Name of the theatre where the National Theatre of Britain plays (3,3).

I
10 58 202 46 94 30 171 48 180 184

110 130 222 67 Repressed sound of pain (8,1,5).

J
74 84 192 210 126 164 _____a boy, by *poets styl'd , / Then spare the rod, and* spoil the child." Butler, "Hudibras"(5,2).

K
100 157 204 216 108 206 86 178 154 Capable of being turned inside out.

ACROSS

1. Lash me! I am in "Moby Dick"!
9. It's funny when a small column encloses a mineral.
31. Lost in France and in a super-duper situation.
41. A Roman date holds one in two points.
50. Japanese tea girl puts a mouse about me!
61. Rims of planned Gestalt psychology.
71. Give up? I'd yell without a pound also!
91. Anti-Bond organization is kind of ghostly.
99. Attempt, not quite successful, not far off, either (4,3).
121. Part of the Acrostician (5,2).
129. Discard race track guy about backward wartime spy organization (4,3).
151. Musical form of prime tetrachords.
161. Stop ___ it's huge!
170. Moons you and I find threatening.
181. Erring or not, it's a rule.
191. Lava I find with advantage.
211. Criminals who put their worst face forward.
219. Told to those who are members of the family.

DOWN

1. I am a reporter and I make my mark.
3. Some try when no horses leave the post! (4,4,7).
5. Chemicals found in a slum.
7. Unlace a bit. There are holes here.
9. Climbing equipment with muscular spasm first.
11. Rich man and things to hold his wealth? (5,4).
13. Something done when a President is nominated? It's usual (12,3).
15. The lady sat for the final judgment (4,3).
95. Appeal to precede 3 down, no second attempt needed (3,2,4).
121. Routine percussion instrument for bees?
127. Requests attempts.
129. A drinker or a soldier.
135. Summed old late news.
161. What a lookout may report when he's ill at last (1,4).

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'A Man Absent from Himself'

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

THE PRESTIGE-LADEN Comédie-Française is in our midst again, having left its handsome "House of Molière" at the foot of the Avenue de l'Opéra to lodge temporarily in the New York City Center. It is appropriate that it should bring to our shores two of the great classics of the seventeenth century that saw that theatre's establishment under Louis XIV. But what moves most of us is that it has also brought from its huge repertory a play by one of our contemporaries, Henry de Montherlant, whose latest play opened in another Parisian theatre just over a year ago.

La Reine morte, the three-act drama we can now see here, marked Montherlant's first success on the stage, for his two earlier plays hardly singled him out as a dramatist of importance. Since the Comédie-Française's dazzling production of *La Reine morte* in December, 1942, during the dark Occupation of France by the enemy, however, he has written and produced no fewer than twelve plays, most of them successes. Yet he remains almost unknown in America or Britain as a dramatist despite Peter Quennell's just assessment that "No French playwright or novelist now alive has made a more substantial contribution to modern European literature."

More than half of these twelve productions are historical costume plays, dealing with unfamiliar moments and episodes: the struggle between King Ferrante and Inés de Castro in Renaissance Portugal (*La Reine morte),* the conflict between the conservative head of an order of knighthood in the Spain of 1519 and progress symbolized by the conquest of the New World (*Le Maître de Santiago),* the clash between Sigismondo Malatesta, condottiere of Rimini, and Pope Paul II in the Italy of 1468 (*Malatesta,* produced by Jean-Louis Barrault), the crucial battle between Jansenists and traditional religious authority in the France of 1661 (*Port-Royal,* given by the Comédie-Française as a single long act without an intermission to relieve its intensity), the internal strife in *Le Cardinal d'Espagne* between the great ruler Cisneros and the contemplative Cisneros, and finally the climactic war between Caesar and Pompey in 48 B.C. (*La Guerre civile*).

THE FREQUENCY of Spanish subjects in Montherlant's *œuvre* suggests a pronounced Hispanidad, which comes to him naturally because he is descended from a noble French family of Catalan origin which settled in France in the eleventh century. He is still proud of being a lay brother of the picturesque monastery of Montserrat above Barcelona, as he is probably proud of his count's coronet in the family escutcheon.

Montherlant's calling card, however, bears no coronet. Instead, his name is followed by the magic formula "de l'Académie Française," to which he was elected in 1960 without having to go through the traditional rigmarole of candidature and official visits.

To that great honor Henry de Montherlant had every claim. Because of his lofty themes, the nobility of his characters, and the almost seventeenth-century purity of his style, he easily takes his place in the most glorious French tradition. Because of the basic solitude of his heroes and their inner tension, they have been likened to the heroes of Corneille. André Malraux, among others, has put Montherlant in "the heroic tradition of France, its Cornelian tradition." But despite their *grandeur,* his characters are too complex for Corneille—as we can now see at City Center by comparing *Le Cid* and *La Reine morte.* In reality, Montherlant belongs even more in that other French tradition of Racine, by the restrained lyricism and classic understatment (litotes) of many a speech, as by his very concept of drama. He could readily subscribe to Racine's famous statement in the preface to *Bérénice:* "the least possible subject matter."

The glorious epithet "Cornelian" stuck to Henry de Montherlant because of the oft-repeated statement that his was a "drama of grandeur." There is something in this; yet none of Montherlant's characters, whether in toga or in tweeds, is altogether a personification of grandeur. All are fallible and most of them combine with their lofty qualities a certain vulgarity or mediocrity or even vileness. Almost all of them, by the end of the play, succumb to their own weakness, crushed less by events than by their own errors or shortcomings.

No, this is more a drama of character. And it is distinguished by three elements common to all the plays: sensibility, the tragic sense of life, and classic sobriety of style. The tragic sense of life makes this man a truly tragic dramatist—not because his heroes die, are killed, or commit suicide, but rather because his heroes collapse internally through the domination of a feeling they have not been able to overcome. In an article some years ago, Montherlant referred to his work as "a drama of suffering." As he progresses, he finds suffering and chaos within each character, and this reveals an ever keener despair, an ever deeper anguish in the author. Of Ferrante, the hero of *La Reine morte,* Montherlant wrote: "His tragedy is that of a man absent from himself, of a man who has ceased to believe in what he is doing. This is the tragedy of all of us, or almost all of us, after a certain age. . . ."

FOR THIS VERY REASON, although Henry de Montherlant appears to many as remote as possible from Sartre and Camus and Beckett and the so-called theatre of the absurd, he shares with them the gnawing *Angst* of our modern epoch. Many of the plays by this great living dramatist may never reach us in English. Some of them are simply too French in spirit, demanding of the audience a long upbringing in the Graeco-Roman classics and the French neo-classics. But others, such as *The Cardinal of Spain* and the most recent *Civil War,* will surely some day be hits on Broadway and in the West End.

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BOOKS

The Professional Touch

GORDON A. CRAIG

NONE SO BLIND: A BRITISH DIPLOMATIC VIEW OF THE ORIGINS OF WORLD WAR II, by Ian Colvin. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.*

HALIFAX: THE LIFE OF LORD HALIFAX, by the Earl of Birkenhead. *Hamish Hamilton. 63s. net.*

One of the salient characteristics of twentieth-century diplomacy has been the way in which the political leaders of states have tended in moments of crisis to bypass the professionals and to rely on private agents or men of confidence for counsel and even for negotiations with foreign powers. This has been true of both democratic and totalitarian régimes. If Lloyd George preferred the advice of Philip Kerr to that of his Foreign Minister Curzon, and if Franklin D. Roosevelt frequently leaned more heavily on Harry Hopkins than on his ambassadors, so did Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler express their scorn of traditional diplomacy and its practitioners by making outsiders like Galeazzo Ciano and Joachim von Ribbentrop their Foreign Ministers.

The disastrous results that often attended the efforts of these amateurs have led some people to argue that in an age of increasing specialization foreign affairs should be left strictly to the experts. Ian Colvin's contribution to the history of the origins of the Second World War hardly supports that conclusion. A study of the career of Sir Robert Vansittart, Permanent Under-Secretary of State and Head of the British Foreign Office from 1930 to 1938, it shows that in the world of diplomacy, where irrational passions and what Bismarck used to call the *imponderabilia* can upset the nicest calculations, the professionals have a normal quota of human frailties and are also capable of grave errors of judgment.

Vansittart, Colvin tells us, "seemed rather larger than human size." The eighteenth in the line of Permanent Under-Secretaries, a post created in 1790, he had as much personal prestige as the most gifted of his predecessors, the almost legendary Eyre Crowe of prewar years, and in his staff and throughout the diplomatic service inspired a feeling amounting to awe. As the principal permanent official dealing with foreign affairs, it was his duty to represent continuity and tradition amidst the changes of party politics, as well as to advise successive ministers on problems about which they might have no previous knowledge when they assumed office. These things he did,

with an authority that came from long and close study of the European situation and of American politics, about which he was well informed, for Prime Ministers MacDonald, Baldwin, and Chamberlain and Foreign Secretaries Henderson, Simon, Hoare, and Eden.

AMONG his juniors, "Van" acquired an aura of infallibility; in reality, he was far from possessing it. One of the functions of the Permanent Under-Secretary is to choose the men who are to occupy the chief posts in the diplomatic service. Vansittart's judgment was not always good, and in one notable instance it was disastrously bad. He must bear responsibility for sending Sir Nevile Henderson to Berlin in 1937, an ambassador who committed the cardinal crime of becoming more outspoken in support of the objectives of the country to which he was accredited than he was in defense of the vital interests of his own, who took an almost indecent satisfaction in the humiliation of the Czechs in 1938. In addition, Vansittart acquired from his long civil-service career a certain rigidity of view and an insensitivity to fluctuations of the public mood. Combined with his faulty judgment of men and his partiality for France, this had unfortunate results in 1935, when he was the *spiritus rector* of the notorious Hoare-Laval Pact, whose repercussions almost brought down the Baldwin government, besides throwing British diplomacy into hopeless disarray, weakening American confidence in British intentions, and virtually assuring Mussolini of success in his Ethiopian enterprise.

If Vansittart's failings may be used as a good argument against allowing professional diplomats to run the foreign affairs of great nations in their own way, other aspects of his career demonstrate the folly of not listening to them at all, or of shrugging their proposals aside (as some critics of the Johnson administration are inclined to do in the continuing Vietnam debate) as representing nothing but a Foreign Office (or State Department) line. For Vansittart, like Crowe before him, had highly developed diagnostic powers. As early as 1930 he was questioning the view, held by the service chiefs of his country, that British policy could be based on the assumption that there would be no major war in the next ten years.

In 1933 he wrote a memorandum in which he said flatly: "The present régime in Germany will . . . loose off another European war just so soon as it feels strong enough. Their only fear is that they may be attacked before they are ready"; and for the next five years he hammered away at that argument and tried to persuade the government to prepare for the threat. Vansittart came to be regarded as a bit of a bore and was finally kicked upstairs by Neville Chamberlain, a man who tolerated no Cassandras in his entourage.

One of the men who disregarded

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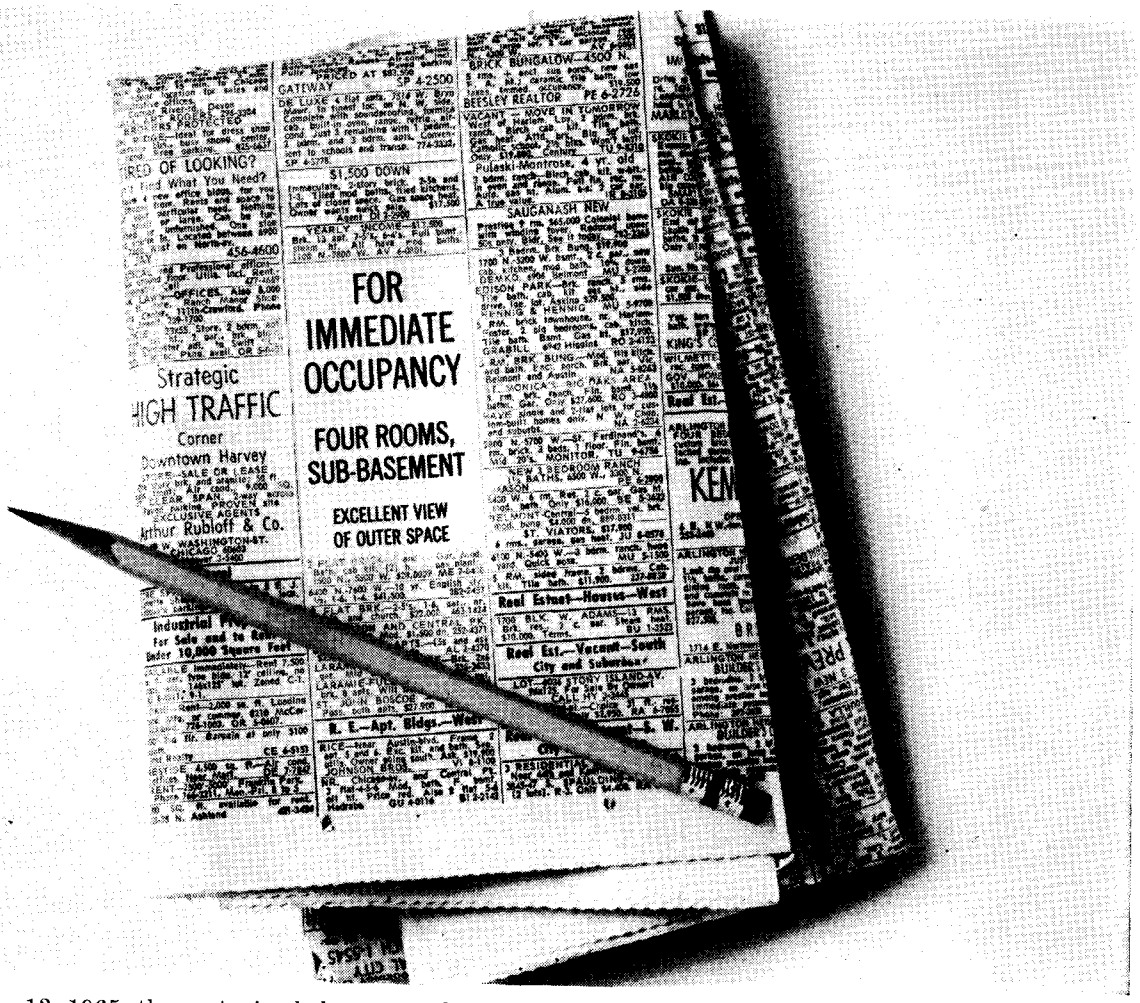
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



On October 13, 1965, three stories below ground, another window was opened on outer space—at 933 East 56th Street, Chicago, Illinois. The place is the recently dedicated Laboratory for Astrophysics and Space Research of the Enrico Fermi Institute for Nuclear Studies at the University of Chicago—one of the first such university centers in the country.

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Vansittart's warnings was Lord Halifax, who succeeded Anthony Eden as Foreign Secretary when Eden, also weary of having his advice spurned by the appeasers (on November 16, 1937, he tells us in his memoirs, "the Prime Minister adjured me to go home and take an aspirin"), followed Vansittart from the center of the diplomatic stage. The Earl of Birkenhead's biography of Halifax is a more satisfactory book than Colvin's badly organized and sometimes rambling and repetitive volume, and it gives a more thorough account of its subject's career, discussing his education and entry into politics, his term as Viceroy of India between 1925 and 1931, and his activities as ambassador to the United States during the Second World War, as well as his part in the period when Baldwin and Chamberlain were permitting Hitler to roll up the map of Europe. The biography is a frankly admiring one, but despite this it can be read as a warning against trusting the destinies of a nation to the control of gifted amateurs, even when they are drawn, as was true in Halifax's case, from that aristocracy of virtue and wisdom which is supposed to possess a natural aptitude for affairs of state.

There is no doubt that Halifax had a high sense of duty and a deep devotion to his country and that in much of his career he served it well. But he did not possess the gifts necessary to steer Britain through the dangers of the late 1930's. Like Chamberlain, Simon, Hoare, Lothian, Dawson, and other members of the appeasement school, he knew more about the British Empire than he did about Europe, which he had rarely visited, and he had no real experience with foreign affairs except in the Indian setting. Nothing in the background and education of this devout Yorkshire squire, with his love of the English countryside and the joys of the chase, had prepared him for the world of Mussolini and Hitler. He could not conceive of people acting as outrageously as they persisted in acting, and, like his chief, he lent himself to the delusion that the dictators could be persuaded by kindness and gifts to become more respectable.

In contrast, he heartily distrusted the Soviet Union, discounted its strength, and in 1938 condoned its exclusion from the deliberations of Czechoslovakia's fate, admitting later to the House of Lords that the Russians hadn't been invited to Munich because the Germans hadn't wanted them there. Only weeks before, Colvin tells us, Vansittart had warned Halifax that it would be "an unpardonable folly to assist Germany in driving off the map an associate whose weight we may need" and that the results of doing so would be that Russia would "retire into sulky isolation" and later "be penetrated by Germany." None of this seems to have impressed Halifax at all.

Sir Llewellyn Woodward has recently applied to the appeasers the judgment made of the French Bourbon princes after 1815, that they were "imperturbable in their incorrigibility." This can certainly be said of Halifax, although it may be added that his special brand of imperturbability arose from his inability to be stirred very deeply by the events in which he participated and from his freedom from the soul-searching that affects other men when they are forced to make fateful decisions. Most of the participants in the critical debates on British policy in the late 1930's were scarred in one way or another by the experience. Vansittart was led to the bitter conclusion that his life had been a failure, and in his last years he took refuge in a shrill and often irrational Germanophobia; and many of the appeasers were overcome by passionate self-reproach or plunged into frantic essays in exculpation.

Halifax was untouched by this, and it is significant that in his memoirs he doesn't even bother to discuss the decisions of the Chamberlain period in detail. In the sad debate that preceded Munich, he had allowed himself to be persuaded, by the Prime Minister and by military estimates that to Colvin (and to General Wavell, and Hugh Dalton and other well-informed persons) seemed unnecessarily pessimistic, that the Czechs must be sold out. He never thereafter had doubts or twinges of conscience about the matter. "My withers," he once told John Wheeler-Bennett, with the difficulty he always had in pronouncing his "r's," "are completely unwung."

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Visible Devils

ROBERT WEAVER

JOHN BUCHAN, by Janet Adam Smith. *Little, Brown. $7.50.*

When the novelist John Buchan became Lord Tweedsmuir in 1935 and was dispatched soon afterwards to Canada to serve as governor general, one of the messages of congratulation he received came from Ezra Pound. "Thank god," Pound wrote, "for one Brit. peer who didn't BUY it or get it by DIRT."

Janet Adam Smith describes this communication as one that struck a "bizarre note" among the more traditional good wishes from members of the British Establishment. Yet her biography does a good deal to make it seem less than astonishing that this one member of the peerage should have received the benevolent approval of the raging expatriate American poet.

It is true that on the surface Buchan was a Scot hungry with ambition who traveled south as soon as he was able, and made a distinguished career as a politician, public servant, literary journalist, and popular novelist. His father was a Calvinist minister, and his mother bent her strong character toward making certain that her eldest child became a success. The success came quickly and easily enough. Buchan began to make a literary reputation while he was still at Oxford, and by his mid-twenties he was well established in London practicing law and contributing to such old and respected periodicals as the *Spectator* and *Blackwood's*.

NO DOUBT Buchan could have had a career in law, or by writing for magazines and publishing thrillers and biographies. But he decided that writing must be a secondary profession (if the publication of sixty-eight books can be regarded as a secondary occupation), and in 1901, at the age of twenty-six, he went to South Africa on the staff of Lord Alfred Milner, an imperialist with an interest in social reform who was

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trying to reconstruct the country at the end of the Boer War.

After his return from South Africa, Buchan's career continued without serious interruption. He became an active editorial member of a publishing firm (Nelson's), and during the First World War he helped organize the British propaganda services. From the mid-1920's to the mid-1930's he was a member of Parliament representing the universities in Scotland. (Buchan was a conservative, but he was on good terms with the radical M.P.s from Glasgow, and later in Canada he had friendly conversations with some of the intellectual members of the socialist C.C.F. party.)

From 1935 until his death in 1940 Tweedsmuir was governor general of Canada, where he was popular and respected, saw much more of the country than most Canadians ever will, and in his last novel, *Sick Heart River*, wrote one of the few books of any quality set in the Canadian North. (In the United States this novel was called by what seems to me the far less evocative title of *Mountain Meadow*.)

Such a life wasn't accomplished without plenty of determination and ambition, and Graham Greene has been critical of Buchan's "Scotch admiration of success." It is, however, a success story interesting in itself, and Janet Adam Smith has made good use of the mass of evidence she has collected about Buchan's career of public service. Her treatment of the novels seems to me less satisfactory, and it is difficult to decide how much real feeling she has for the thrillers, which were not only popular in their day but in many cases are still in print. Yet it is in the thrillers that Buchan expresses views of modern society that must somehow account for the curiosity he was able to arouse both in the Glasgow radicals and Ezra Pound.

Buchan's most popular novels, *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *Greenmantle*, appeared in 1915 and 1916, and they make him clearly an ancestor of Graham Greene and Eric Ambler in the 1930's, and of Ian Fleming, John Le Carré, and the host of other writers of novels of intrigue published since the end of the Second World War. The most obvious connection is with Ian Fleming: both wrote extravagant romances, both were snobbish, and Buchan's favorite hero Richard Hannay and Fleming's James Bond have in common an impetuous lack of good sense and the ability to get themselves out of trouble through dumb luck and physical endurance.

Buchan and Fleming are, however, worlds apart in their treatment of sex. There wasn't any worth mentioning in Buchan: Alfred Hitchcock had to have Madeleine Carroll written in for the movie version of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. Miss Smith quotes Buchan on the subject in a letter to Gilbert Murray: "I am glad you think I am getting better at lovemaking. I hate the stuff. I sit and blush with disgust when I am writing it." The Countess Hilda von Einem in *Greenmantle* seems a mildly promising example of evil beauty, but Buchan kills her off. He was more at ease with women of the

type of Mrs. Simon Ravelston in *Sick Heart River*, who "had a beautiful figure, ill-chosen clothes, and the weather-beaten face of an English master of foxhounds. She was magnificently in place on horseback, or sailing a boat, or running with her beagles, but no indoor setting could fit her."

IT IS EASY to fault Buchan on his characters, not only the women but also Richard Hannay much of the time, and, what is even more dangerous in a thriller, some of his villains. But it is difficult indeed to fault him when he is writing about place, weather, the physical circumstances of the chase, or an atmosphere that Janet Adam Smith describes very well in her biography.

"Buchan," she writes, "sloughed off his father's Calvinism theologically. . . . But he never lost a sense of the ever-present reality of evil, and the possibility of its breaking through into the most respectable lives. He had the Calvinist faculty of imagining a visible devil, in the shape of man or beast, or localizing it in a place or a ritual. . . . In most of his thrillers evil is felt as a more general quality, as the powers of unreason, disorder, or destruction, that may crack the thin crust of civilization and morality. Nor is the concept something conveniently manufactured for the thrillers; it was something he felt in his bones."

The general sense of evil is present in a number of the novels as some kind of vast, malignant conspiracy, often with Jews involved. It might be a reasonable guess that it was this strain in Buchan which attracted Ezra Pound. These ideas are expressed at the very beginning of *The Thirty-Nine Steps* by the night visitor whose murder sends Richard Hannay off on his first great adventure.

There is a conspiracy, the visitor tells Hannay, of "educated anarchists" and financiers, whose aim is to bring Russia and Germany to a confrontation, and in the chaos that follows, reap for themselves wealth and power. "Capital," the visitor tells Hannay, has "no conscience and no fatherland"; and in any case, he added, "the Jew was behind it, and the Jew hated Russia worse than hell."

In *Greenmantle* there are remarks about how the Jews and Gypsies "have got control of a proud race" (the Germans). In *Mr. Standfast*, published immediately after the war, there is a world-wide conspiracy known as the Wild Birds. In *The Three Hostages* (1924) there is a description of the society that has come into being following the First World War. Now, Buchan writes, "the moral imbecile . . .[is] a terribly common product. . . . Cruel, humorless, hard, utterly wanting in sense of proportion, but often full of a perverted poetry and drunk with rhetoric. . . . You found it among the young Bolshevik Jews, among the

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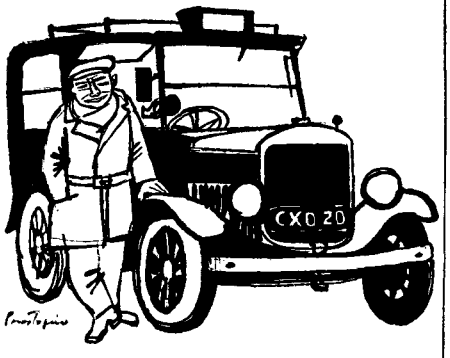
young gentry of the wilder Communist sects, and very notably among the sullen murderous hobbledehoys in Ireland. . . ."

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to say whether Buchan himself shared many of these lurid fantasies, and we can hardly insist that he subscribed to all the ideas expressed by the hundreds of characters in his novels. It was also a time when stereotypes were used more casually than today. Janet Adam Smith writes that in the early 1930's he became interested in Zionism, and contrasts his views at that time, rather significantly, with what they had once been. "If 'Jew,'" she writes, "had once—though with many personal exceptions—suggested to Buchan either a seedy adventurer on the Rand or a plushy financier in Park Lane, now it suggested a man of vision and enterprise, a pioneer, a practical idealist."

The untypical Buchan novel *Sick Heart River* is an exploration of death, the death of Sir Edward Leithen, who was most like Buchan of all his heroes (the novel was published after Buchan himself was dead). It seems to me to be one of his most interesting novels. It is tempting but unprofitable to wonder what kind of untypical thriller he might have written if he had really unleashed all his radical Tory ideas, his Celtic soul, and the visions of strange conspiracies from which he kept drawing back. Still, it was he, as Graham Greene has written, who "prepared us in his thrillers better than he knew for the death that may come to any of us, as it nearly came to Leithen, by the railings of the Park or the doorway of the mews. For certainly we can all see now 'how thin is the protection of civilization.'"



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That Book

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

IN COLD BLOOD, by Truman Capote. *Random House. $5.95.*

Reviewing this book is something like writing about the Pan Am Building or the speaking style of Hubert Humphrey. Everyone knows for himself. When it appeared in the *New Yorker*, more people than in years thumbed their way through the thick, shiny pages, and my wife tore out an ad showing a man shackled to an egg which she thought very original, and a friend insists that out of sheer gratitude he read a column on horse racing by Audax Minor. Nothing better was printed last year, and perhaps one could just let it go at that.

I am a little disturbed, however, by the suggestion that this is a new literary form. It is, in fact, the full story of a ghastly murder in western Kansas and of the prior and subsequent history of the men who did it. According to preference it is superb history or superb journalism, and it would be too bad if historians or journalists were led to think that they could duplicate Truman Capote's feat merely by doing something different when, actually, they would have to do much better. One can at least list the things that would be needed.

FIRST, there is the research. The results of this are evident on every page—in the description of landscape, local architecture, agriculture, people, and, most of all, in the recapture of dialogue. The author, noticing no doubt the license that modern commercial historians feel free to exercise in reconstructing what they could never know, is at pains to explain that all conversations are derived from the originals. It isn't necessary. They have the unmistakable ring of authenticity.

The author is also deeply concerned with his people and the six lives that were lost. To this he adds an acute and sympathetic interpretation of their behavior. Indeed, one feels throughout the book that he is in the company of a highly perceptive, very civilized man who wants to understand but has no desire to instruct, judge, or condemn. The literary form may not be new, but, it must be conceded, this self-restraint assuredly is.

But the special brilliance of the achievement lies in the writing. This serves flawlessly and effortlessly the purposes of the narrative—the closing day on the great Clutter farm with the murderers coming nearer hour by hour; the divergence of community and criminals as the local people discover the act and struggle with its senseless mystery and the murderers go far away; a new convergence as the criminals are drawn back, less by the law than by some inner defect of will, to familiar haunts and the neighbors hear of the arrests and confessions and

witness the trial; and then the final divergence as Holcomb and Garden City, Kansas, return to normal life and the murderers are passed on to silent months and years in the death row of the state penitentiary and to eventual death.

But the author's resources go far beyond narrative. The main actors are visible in all dimensions and precisely as they must be seen for the purposes of the history. The people who were killed had to be important. When he is through with the Clutter family, particularly with the pretty and popular Nancy and her father, Mr. Herbert William Clutter, this has ceased to be any ordinary homicide. The portrait of Mr. Clutter is especially convincing. As a onetime teacher of agricultural economics and research director of the American Farm Bureau Federation, I have known many of Mr. Clutter's colleagues. Like Clutter they are a product of the Land Grant college system; very often, as in his case, they have done a stint in the Extension Service; they are almost invariably Republican, churchly and Protestant, abstemious, serious, willing to assume leadership in an organization, and—a very important point—successful farmers in good years and often in bad. They are not the kind of men who get murdered casually; in the United States the Clutters have little experience of violence. When the author has finished with Mr. Clutter, it is evident that his death was no small thing and the murder of such a man was no small event in Finney County.

But he does even greater things with the two murderers and especially with the older but more submissive of the two, Perry Smith. Not only are they vividly portrayed, but the author contrives to have them always partly in and just a little out of focus. In focus, to be seen with some clarity by the village postmistress or Nancy's distraught boy friend, are two physically damaged, self-conscious, intelligent, often rather likable boys. (The author does not permit the reader to think of them as men.) And always present, always slightly blurred, are the killers. They are not notably brutal; rather they are incapable of sensing the meaning of life and death to other people. And, as the days in the death house pass, it becomes doubtful that it has much meaning for themselves.

IT MIGHT be argued that here, also, one encounters the author's design. The ordinary journalist would try to bring the criminal personality fully into view; Capote allows it to form in the reader's mind. There, also, he leaves the morality of the punishment. There is the question of legal execution as such. There is the further question, in this case, of men who, though sane according to the applicable rules, seemed manifestly incompetent to judge their own acts. And there is the final puzzle of how the author would resolve these questions. After immersing the reader deeply in the problem, persuading him indeed that it is of the highest urgency, he leaves him struggling with it. This too is the special restraint of the accomplished artist.

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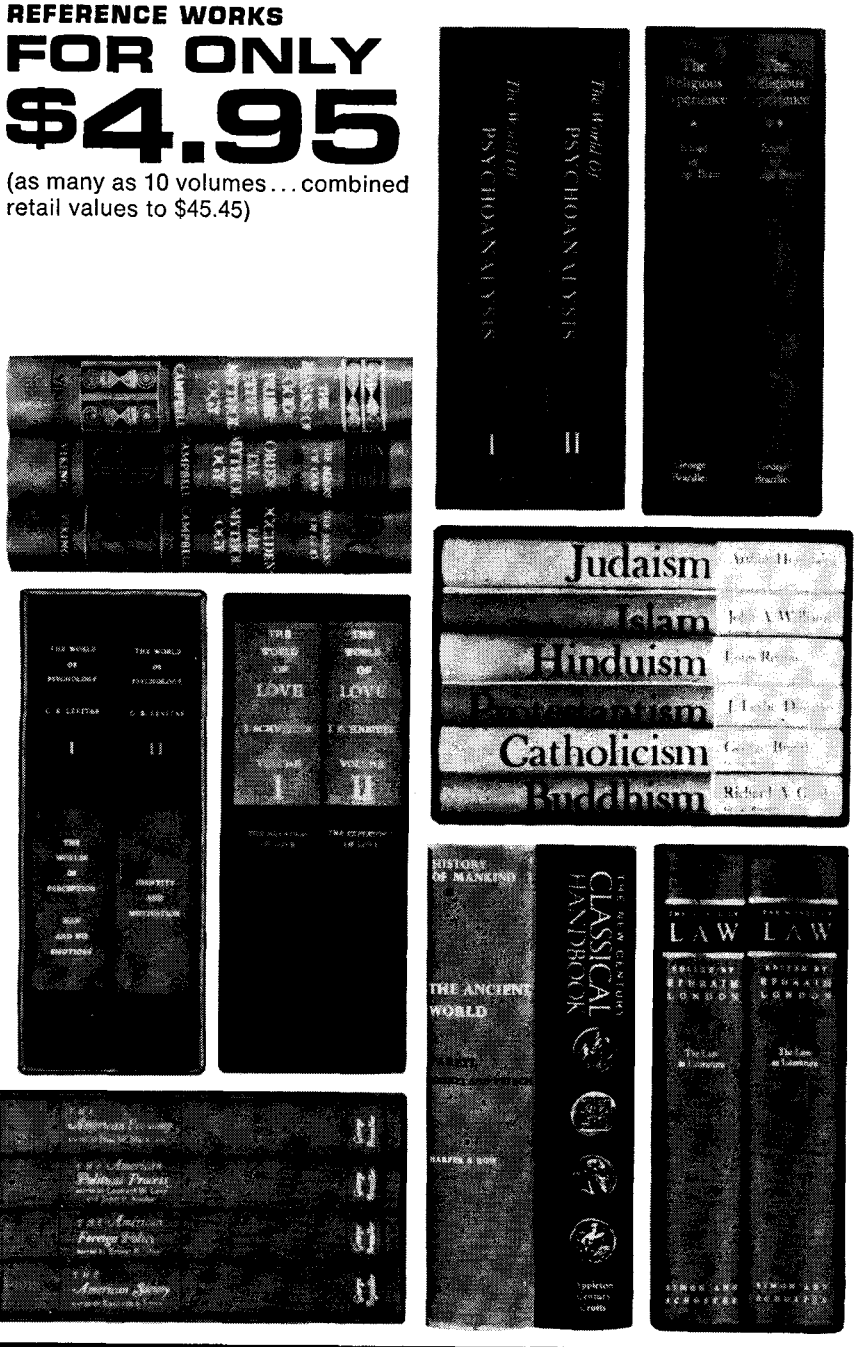

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